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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.*

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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1935

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

A Neurologist's View of Genius

AT the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Neurological Institute of New York, Dr. Joseph Collins, one of its founders, predicted that neurologists will find a way to make even men of genius happy. We quote from the *New York Herald-Tribune*, December 21, 1934:

> Psycho-neurotics are the only persons who have ever accomplished anything enduring in the world, but medical science might have spared them the mental agony they suffered without impairing their creative abilities, Dr. Collins said. . . . Dr. Collins did not bring out the point clearly in his address, but later in a conference with reporters he said that he believed neurologists might yet discover a means by which Leonardo da Vinci might have been made happy while remaining a genius. He said that Edgar Allan Poe and da Vinci "produced their masterpieces the way Paul produced the Christian religion —in agony". He denied that his thesis, if possible of fulfilment, would lead to a world of "happy mediocrities".
>
> "Do you think that if you had kept Swinburne sober, he wouldn't have produced the same masterpieces?" he asked, "or that if you had taken alcohol away from Edgar Allan Poe, he wouldn't have written 'The Raven'?" Dr. Collins said he thought they would have succeeded as well without their stimulants if they had received the proper neurological treatment.

Doubtless medical science can, in some instances, check or eradicate certain psychoses and neuroses, abnormalities of imagination and desire that are often associated with functional diseases of the nervous system. Poe might have been cured of alcoholism, the immediate cause of much of his "agony". But who can say to what extent his literary accomplishments were dependent upon stimulants? To answer that question, it would be necessary to know who and what he really was. What was the source of his inspiration? What was the nature of the inner visions which moved his imagination and impelled him to write? With what planes or strata of the psychic realm did he hold intercourse? Was he a true seer, half-blinded by neurasthenia, or was he a neurasthenic because he was a visionary, an irresponsible dreamer, a victim of illusions? Probably, like

many other artists, he was part-seer and part-visionary. His tragedy was not unlike that of unredeemed humanity in general. He had a higher and a lower nature, and the higher was oppressed and frequently dominated by the lower.

Two Sources of Poetic Inspiration

Inspiration is said to come to most poets from the psychic plane, the so-called "astral light", the magic mirror of the world which reflects all things above and below, and can image all possibilities, both good and evil. Every inspiration bears the mark of its point of origin. In his lower moods, the poet is fascinated by images flowing from the inferior levels of the astral light, by memories and anticipations of the earthly and the transitory. Too often he has the fatal gift of investing these *eidola* of mortality, these "images of images", with glamour, with a charm that they do not reveal when seen truly. He then pretends that the shadows of physical facts are more real, more vital, than the facts themselves. It is not astonishing that he should become a "psycho-neurotic", that he should suffer, and seek relief by means of drugs or alcohol, for he has doomed himself to a series of disappointments. How could it be otherwise, when his notions as to what the world should give him are contradicted at every turn by the actualities of the world as it is?

However, men of this order are not the true poets. True poetry is the revelation of a world of spiritual essence, more real than anything on earth, since the things of earth are only its imperfect symbols. In the *Isha Upanishad*, the Creative Logos, the Formative Power, is named "the wise Poet, the Seer". Contemplating the Eternal Thought reflected in the "waters of space", the "*divine* astral light", the Great Poet is represented in Eastern scriptures as imagining the form of Nature and impressing this form upon gross matter. As Theosophy teaches, every spiritual ideal must pass through the astral or psychic plane and be reflected there as a form or image, before it can be embodied in the manifested world. In their highest moments, the artists and poets of the race have co-operated with the Great Poet in this work of embodying the real. They have been inspired to create by visions of divine beauty and truth, mirrored in some domain of the higher psychic world to which their consciousness has had access.

True and Artificial Genius

Like other terms which once had a sacred signification, the word genius has been distorted and vulgarized. Although Dr. Collins may be unaware of the fact, it is blasphemy against the divinity within man to affirm that "psycho-neurotics are the only people who have ever accomplished anything enduring in the world". According to the ancient definition, genius is the spirit or principle that presides over the formation of the individual human soul. It is the Higher Self, a ray of the Logos containing within itself the potentiality of all the powers which create and sustain the Universe. The veritable man of genius differs from the ordinary man in the degree to which he recognizes and identifies himself with this divine life that is the substratum and essence of his individual

being. It is characteristic of the true work of genius that it is invariably individual and unique, and also that its message is universal, addressed to all men. It is evident, therefore, that only the very greatest of mankind can be called men of genius, in the fullest sense, for these alone have completely embodied their genius.

In *Lucifer*, V, 227-233, Madame Blavatsky draws a clear distinction between real and artificial genius:

> Genius, as Coleridge defined it, is certainly—to every outward appearance, at least—"the faculty of growth"; yet to the inward intuition of man, it is a question whether it is genius—an abnormal aptitude of mind—that develops and grows, or the physical brain, *its vehicle*, which becomes through some mysterious process fitter to receive and manifest *from within outwardly* the innate and divine nature of man's over-soul. Perchance, in their unsophisticated wisdom, the philosophers of old were nearer truth than are our modern wiseacres, when they endowed man with a tutelary deity, a Spirit whom they called *genius*. The substance of this entity, to say nothing of its *essence* . . . manifests itself according to the organism of the person it informs. . . . [The flame of genius] is the very nature of the Spiritual Entity itself, of our *Ego*, which keeps on weaving new life-woofs into the web of reincarnation on the loom of time, from the beginnings to the ends of the great Life-Cycle. This it is that asserts itself more strongly than in the average man, through its personality; so that what we call "the manifestations of genius" in a person, are only the more or less successful efforts of that Ego to assert itself on the outward plane of its objective form—the man of clay—in the matter-of-fact, daily life of the latter. The Egos of a Newton, an Æschylus, or a Shakespeare, are of the same essence and substance as the Egos of a yokel, an ignoramus, a fool, or even an idiot; and the self-assertion of their informing *genii* depends on the physiological and material construction of the physical man. . . . That which makes one mortal a great man and of another a vulgar, silly person is, as said, the quality and make-up of the physical shell or casing, and the adequacy or inadequacy of brain and body to transmit and give expression to the light of the real, *Inner* man; and this aptness or inaptness is, in its turn, the result of Karma. . . .
>
> Between the true and the artificial genius, one born from the light of the immortal Ego, the other from the evanescent will-o'-the-wisp of the terrestrial or purely human intellect and the animal soul, there is a chasm, to be spanned only by him who aspires ever onward. . . . The words of the poet who asserts that the lamp of genius—
>
> "If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
> Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare—"
>
> —can apply only to artificial genius, the outcome of culture and of purely intellectual acuteness. It is not the direct light of the Manasaputra, the Sons of Wisdom, for true genius lit at the flame of our higher nature, or the Ego, cannot die. That is why it is so very rare.

Genius and Happiness

It would be well if physicians as a class had more of the saving grace of humility. After all, medical science, even in its most modernistic phases, has limitations imposed by Nature. It is inconceivable, for instance, that anyone—let alone a man of genius—will ever be made happy by anything which a medical practitioner can do to him. Physical suffering may be alleviated or suppressed, but only the crudest of materialists would pretend that freedom from bodily pain is equivalent to the state of consciousness which is called happiness. Have we never met or heard of people who radiated an inward joy in spite of

sickness and privation? The true soldier is happiest in the agony of battle. The saints have acknowledged no bliss save that which is inseparable from the most intense sorrow. As the Buddhist mystics have taught, the Buddha knows at one and the same time the ineffable delight of eternal being and the anguish of compassion for those of his children who still stray in the jungle of illusion. It is his great sacrifice and his supreme glory, that he does not turn away from this anguish and live only for the bliss to which he is entitled by right of conquest. As is written in *Light on the Path*, the disciple enters "into a partnership of joy, which brings indeed terrible toil and profound sadness, but also a great and ever-increasing delight".

Innate Ideas

There is the following passage in a letter attributed to the Master K. H. and received by A. P. Sinnett in 1881:

> [The highest Planetary Spirits] appear on Earth . . . at the origin of every *new* human kind. . . . They remain with man no longer than the time required for the eternal truths they teach to impress themselves so forcibly upon the plastic minds of the new races as to warrant them from being lost or entirely forgotten in ages hereafter. . . . The mission of the Planetary Spirit is but to strike the *Key Note of Truth*. . . . The vibrations of the Primitive Truth are what your philosophers name "innate ideas".

In the Tragedy of *Prometheus Bound*, Æschylus symbolizes the attempt of the Divine Host to create a Self-conscious spiritual Humanity, by the myth of the compassionate Immortal who sacrificed his heritage of bliss to bring the gift of creative fire to the darkened consciousness of mortal man. For this act the Titan was cursed, doomed to æons of torture, like Lucifer and all the other "Light-Bearers" who have sought to impress the eternal truths upon the minds of men, or who have tried to re-awaken in the world some recollection of those truths. As Madame Blavatsky points out, Prometheus is, in one sense, the spark of divinity, the germ of immortal life, in the human soul. He is the "innate idea", the ideal form which man is intended by Divine Nature to become. But though from time to time men of genius have risen above the mass and have embodied that paradigm, it is painfully apparent that the gift of fire has been the cause of sins and woes innumerable. *The Secret Doctrine* suggests, indeed, that by meditation upon the fate of Prometheus one may begin dimly to understand the meanings hidden beneath two of the "mysteries" which have been more or less travestied by all the great exoteric religions of the world,—the Fall of the Angels and the Fall of Man.

It is a theosophical axiom that all things in manifestation are the result of an interaction between the "above" and the "below", even the most evil and the most hideous images invented by the human fancy being distortions, perversions, inverted and blurred images of the "innate ideas" which constitute the essence of that part of our nature that belongs to the human Kingdom. If egotism and sensuality could not prey, like vultures, upon the heart of Prometheus, they would instantaneously disappear; for the powers of evil, as has been

said, cannot create anything; they can merely corrupt and invert that which already exists.

Individualism and Collectivism

It is apparent that the most fundamental of our "innate ideas" is the ideal of the perfected man, the genius in full command of all his faculties. The perfected man may be described as a complete individual embodiment of the divine form or archetype which all human entities are invited to imitate and which all souls can become, if they persevere to the end. It is an excellent practice for everyone to ask himself what he would desire above all else to be. Does he seek to embody the qualities and attributes of his genius, or is he attached to earth-bound images which invert and deform the ideal outline of his divine possibilities?

There seem to be two major misconceptions concerning the nature of the perfected man, and the human mind tends to move back and forth from one of these delusions to the other. They arise from the difficulty of understanding the idea affirmed by every great teacher, that the perfected man is both individual and universal, both personal and impersonal. Our little minds are seldom capable of grasping and holding more than one phase of a truth at the same time, with the usual result that each mental reflection of truth resembles an image in a distorting mirror. The sense of an original, harmonious unity is lost, and one aspect of the whole is emphasized out of all proportion to the rest.

The misconceptions in question are illustrated by the two extremes of doctrine associated with the names of Nietzsche and Karl Marx. The Superman, the personality which defies all laws, human and divine, has no more place in Nature than the human ant-hill which is the Utopia of the socialist. Nothing is more barren than a dispute as to whether man should pattern himself upon a beast of prey or an insect.

Great centuries, like the Nineteenth, have often been marked by a strong individualistic spirit. It may seem incredible to the "bright young people" of to-day, but during the Victorian Age self-reliance, initiative, force of character were generally held in high esteem. It should be added that the most representative leaders of thought, who insisted with emphasis upon the inalienable "rights" of the individual, did not ignore the fact that the individual exists in a state of society with other individuals towards whom he has certain equally inalienable duties and responsibilities. Their argument, which cannot be answered, was that no real society can exist, unless it be composed of real individuals who collaborate with a minimum of centralized regimentation and compulsion. John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, Emerson and Carlyle, were not anarchists.

One might suggest, however, that many of the best minds of the Nineteenth Century were deluded by the idea that human progress is inevitable and constant. This optimism naturally led them to take a more hopeful view of so-called human nature than is justified by history or experience. Nietzsche was not alone in his identification of individual rights with the claims and

pretensions of the animal man. Throughout Western Europe and America, the truth that only the fittest can survive in the struggle for existence was interpreted by multitudes in the most downright materialistic sense. It is not difficult now to see the error of this perverted individualism, for many of the horrors of the machine age are its handiwork. It was consistent with such a doctrine to regard t e successful man of the world as the climax of evolution, and to conceive of Nature as merely a source of wealth, an object of exploitation by the ruthless and the greedy.

The pendulum of opinion is now swinging towards an opposite error, even more pernicious, for there is some stimulation in the notion that every man must learn to stand on his own feet and to fight his own battles. It is a typical irony of history, that the "collectivism" which is now crippling individual initiative, is a natural product of the democratic system which the moral materialists of the Eighteenth Century invented as a means of overthrowing the aristocratic code inherited by the modern world from the Middle Ages.

The purposes of "collectivists", especially in economics and education, are made very clear in a report on "Social Foundations of Education", published for the American Historical Society under a grant by the Carnegie Foundation, and prepared by Professor George S. Counts of Teachers College, New York. Dr. Counts believes that it is the mission of educators to "bring the mentality of the American people in accord with their surroundings and to prepare them for life under profoundly altered circumstances".

> The age of individualism in economy—the age that nurtured the young republic—is patently drawing to a close. The age of corporate, social, or collective action in economy is opening. The modern corporation may be regarded as almost symbolic of the decline of the rôle of the individual in economy.

Dr. Counts' argument is that a new collectivist society is emerging out of the ruins of the "old deal", and that the American public schools must prepare the coming generation for the battle which "the mass of the people" must wage against the "rights" of individual property-holders. In other words, he looks forward to an era where everything will belong to everybody in general and to nobody in particular. With the tact which is characteristic of American radicals of his species, he does not call this stage of blessedness communist or socialist, but corporate, social or collective, for these words have not yet accumulated so many explosive connotations. It is needful to understand, however, that all these terms have come to mean the same thing, the sacrifice of the individual to another entity which is variously styled "society", "the totalitarian state", "the average man", and so on. When a cynical Soviet chieftain talks about "the rule of the proletariat", and a sentimental clergyman pleads for "social justice" and "social-mindedness", they are propelling mankind towards a common goal, though they may differ widely as to the appropriate means of attaining it.

Social-Mindedness

Strange as it may seem to the "social-minded", it is possible to desire sincerely

the ultimate salvation and union of the whole human race, and at the same time to be unalterably opposed to any form of rule by "the mass of the people". Anyone who is at all humane naturally sympathizes in some measure not only with himself and with his family and friends, but with the whole mass of anonymous humanity afflicted by the world-depression. Nevertheless, it is well to be honest in these matters. We are not Buddhas and Mahatmas whose hearts naturally overflow with equal compassion for all creatures. Charity must begin at home; and it is safe to assume that a man's love for his wife and children is not very profound, if their illness does not affect him more immediately than the newspaper report of a famine in China. The average capacity for real sympathy is very small, and if we scatter it abroad to the four quarters, it will be spread out very thin indeed.

A little reflection suggests that a true, as opposed to a hypocritical or imaginary social-mindedness only exists, when the members of a society consciously share a common purpose and harmoniously co-operate towards its fulfilment. Partially and casually this occurs in some families and tribal groups, in some religious communities, in some friendships, in the lives of some nations during a war or under the ascendency of a great leader. But as Theosophy teaches, perfect unity of heart is impossible between two or more ordinary human personalities. The ideal community is a community of real individuals, united in the love of the same principles of truth, beauty, and virtue, each expressing those principles according to a mode unique and peculiar to himself. Thus a group of disciples can attain brotherhood through the unifying power of devotion to a Master. The Theosophical Society exists for the purpose of forming the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood by the only means whereby this can be realized,—by the free co-operation of individuals who dedicate themselves, severally and collectively, to the principle that "there is no Religion higher than Truth". Students of Theosophy believe that in the Great Lodge, the assemblage of the *real men of genius* of all the human races, there already exists a veritable Brotherhood, a Communion of Saints, and it is because the highest ideal of fraternity is actually embodied there, that men dream of it here below.

The Formation of Wholes

The spiritual unity of mankind is the highest conceivable expression of a law which can be observed in operation wherever one searches in Nature. Physicists and even biologists are beginning to note the fact that in all the natural kingdoms there is a tendency of units or particles to come together and to co-operate—as it were—towards the formation of systems or groups or "wholes". Thus the atom is "created" through the combination and collaboration of various corpuscles or wavicles. In essence, however, the atom is something more than the sum of its parts. It has its own measure of "individuality" and is a distinct entity. By an analogous process atoms are grouped into molecules, molecules into living cells, and so on, until organic evolution reaches a sort of culmination with the production of the marvellous and complex multicellular bodies of animals and plants. The general conception of evolution as a process

of integration of groups, has been popularized by General Smuts' theory of "holism".

It is reasonable to assume that a corresponding massing of "consciousnesses" proceeds in Nature, *pari passu* with the evolution of the series of physical "wholes". In the human body, for instance, there is a general consciousness embracing, but also separate from, the consciousness of the various organs. There is evidence that certain animals act differently when they are alone and when they are in a group, as if there were two sets of instincts, one for the individual creature and another for the flock or herd. In the bees and ants, it almost appears as if the community had acquired a definite independent nature of its own. We speak of the "consciousness of the hive", and are sometimes tempted to think of the individual bees as mere cells or instruments of a superior organism.

If this "holistic" tendency be universal, it must be a dominating force in human history. All things come from the One, as Plotinus said, and aspire, in their inmost nature, to return to the One. Men tend to come together in groups, to incorporate themselves in social organisms. To a large extent, this process goes forward without personal choice, for an individual cannot as a rule help being born in the family or class or nation to which he belongs. But the nature of the larger unit into which he enters may be said to correspond to certain elements of his own personal nature. Thus a group of bad or weak men become a gang or a mob, whereas a group of strong and good men can grow into a disciplined army or a veritable brotherhood of disciples.

The Consciousness of a Congeries

It would seem that meditation upon the formation of wholes can guide us towards the solution of the problem that has perplexed so many generations of philosophers, the problem of the relation between the individual and society, between the particular and the universal. We should have learned long ago that the intellect as such cannot possibly comprehend this enigma, for it is an absolute mystery that either the Universe or the individual should exist. But by observation and experience, we may discover in some degree how individual consciousness tends to grow or expand into full self-realization in so far as it becomes genuinely representative of a larger social consciousness in which it is integrated.

> How precise and true is Plato's expression, how profound and philosophical his remark on the (Human) Soul or Ego, when he defined it as "a compound of the *same* and the *other*". . . . It is "the same and the other", as the great Initiate-Philosopher said; for the Ego—the "Higher Self" when merged with and in the Divine Monad—is Man, and yet the *same* as the *other*; the Angel in him incarnated is the same with the Universal Mahat (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, II, 92-93).

We may test this truth on any plane of human activity, the highest that we can conceive, or the lowest, for even the lowest of the worlds is a distorted image of the highest. The entities composing any congeries participate, in greater or lesser measure, in the consciousness of the congeries as a whole, but that collective consciousness is also a thing in itself, something more than the sum-total of

the "consciousnesses" of its components. Both good and evil potentialities in an individual are accentuated, in the degree that the individual acts as the agent or vehicle of a group-consciousness. As Gustave Le Bon has shown, a mob is capable of crimes, of which relatively few of its constituents, if acting alone, would ever be guilty. On the other hand, disciplined troops, acting collectively, perform feats of sustained valour, of which few soldiers, acting as individuals, would be capable.

The Last Phase of a Cycle

These considerations are not merely interesting as abstractions. They have a direct bearing upon the most vital question of our time,—whether our civilization can be saved from a ruin as complete as that of the Roman Empire. As Sir Flinders Petrie has demonstrated, the civilizations of the past have been subject to a cyclic or rhythmic law as definite and as rigorous as that which presides over the rise and fall of the tides and the succession of the seasons. No great race or nation has been able to evade the dominion of this law, for there is no attested way of escape save one—to become established in a state of consciousness which cannot be affected by the cyclic changes that prevail upon the planes of ordinary experience. Tradition testifies that such a transmutation of the mortal into the immortal has been accomplished by individuals, but never by a racial or national group.

Sir Flinders Petrie's deduction is, therefore, significant. According to the available historical evidence, extending through eight great periods, the advent of democracy in a civilization normally denotes that the apex of a cycle has been passed, that a "day" in the life of humanity is turning towards its close.

> When democracy has attained full power, the majority without capital necessarily eat up the capital of the minority, and the civilization steadily decays, until the inferior population is swept away to make room for a fitter people. The consumption of all the resources of the Roman Empire, from the second century when democracy was dominant, until the Gothic kingdom arose on its ruin, is the best-known example in detail (*The Revolutions of Civilization*, p. 124).

Democracy is not fundamentally a system of government but a state of mind. It prevails in a civilization when the standards of the undifferentiated mass of the people become dominant in all the major forms of human activity, not only the political and the economic, but the scientific, the artistic, the moral and the religious. For instance, it was pointed out fifty years ago by the English historian, Lord Acton, that the average man does not really want liberty but "security". He demands the assurance that he will be fed and sheltered and amused, and is willing to accept almost any debasement to attain what he fancies to be this end. As a matter of fact, he can never be guaranteed even the minimum of security, and the demagogues who promise it are illusionists. But any dealer in quack remedies is certain to have some following, and in the final phases of a democratic society he meets almost no opposition except from dealers in other nostrums. Lord Acton foresaw that under such conditions the

state tends to assume the form of a dictatorship, the chief function of which is to placate the mob, to keep it as quiet as possible.

It can be shown, as in the instances of Athens and Rome, that the decline of a civilization is marked by two phases. First, there is an era of unrestrained and worldly individualism, which is followed by a period when individual initiative is increasingly suppressed, as authority passes ever more completely into the control of the representatives and exploiters of the masses. If anyone should chance to note certain resemblances between such a period and the era in which we are living, he is free to draw his own conclusions; although the continued existence of The Theosophical Society and its nucleus, distinguishes our cycle from those that preceded it, and makes the situation far from hopeless.

Vulgar Religion

However, we shall be wise to look at the dangers, without quailing, but also without sentimental delusions. Not only spiritual but economic conditions are going to grow steadily worse, if there be a continued transfer of authority from those who have some sense of honour and responsibility—if only a little—to those who have none. Not the least of the dangers is the devastating wave of vulgarity which is sweeping into every corner of our lives, and which levels all before it. It has already inundated a large portion of the clergy.

We refer almost at random to a survey of social conditions made by Dr. Harry F. Ward of the Union Theological Seminary, and Winifred L. Chappell, secretary of the Methodist Federation of Social Service. The authors are distressed because the New Deal after all its promises has not abolished poverty and economic inequality, and conclude that the experiments of the "brain-trust" have "brought the bankers back into control of the government". This will be news to the bankers, but if it were true, there is no reason why it should embitter anyone who confesses his faith in the words of Christ. The Master Christ stated as lucidly as possible that his Kingdom was not of this world. That Kingdom can come in the midst of destitution and discomfort, nor should it matter in the least, as regards its advent in the individual soul, who is in control of the government. Even governments would improve if the Master were permitted to rule in the hearts of those who profess to be his followers. To imagine otherwise, to believe that material well-being must precede spiritual re-birth, is to reveal a crude worldliness typical of the "average man" in an advanced stage of moral decay. It is virtually equivalent to an assent to Lenin's assertion that "Religion is the opiate of the people".

Machinism and Civilization

Without doubt the peril of spiritual bankruptcy is intensified by the fact that we are living in an age of machines. The machines which modern man has invented have reacted disastrously upon his inner life. Modern man lives encompassed by mechanical devices which toil and spin for him, attend to his needs, amuse him, never relaxing their hold upon his attention. It is no wonder that whole populations are coming more and more to resemble exhibits of machine-

made models. A few observers are beginning to realize the extent to which Americans in particular have standardized and stereotyped themselves in recent years. Millions of them dress alike, eat the same foods, read the same trash, listen to the same broadcasts, and—so far as one can judge—are subject almost simultaneously to the same moods of elation and fear. Contemporary America actually gives one a presentiment of what a collectivist society would be like.

It is significant that the Bolshevik leaders deliberately use the machine as a means of reducing all minds to a dead level. They have discovered the affinity between mechanism and communist states of mind. As was shown by the recent exhibition of the Soviet educational system at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the central theme of their schools is mechanistic. Even pre-school children are trained to work with small tools. The object, as Dr. John Dewey suggests, is to produce "human beings inspired with social purposes". Anyone can imagine what John Dewey and his Russian friends mean by "social purposes".

In the *Mercure de France* (November 15, 1934), M. Léon de Poncins published some replies, with his comments, to a questionnaire which was sent to a number of industrialists, economists, and scholars. They were asked whether they believed the impact of the machine upon civilization to be good or evil. It is of great interest that the majority of the respondents express without equivocation their conviction that the growth of modern industrialism is "a disaster and a calamity". As M. de Poncins' "inquiry" is international in scope, this majority vote has more significance than if it had been French only, for France has always been the least industrialized of the great nations of the Occident.

We paraphrase some of M. de Poncins' comments:

The Russian communists are practically the only people left who are blind and fanatical partisans of the unlimited development of machinism. Even the Americans have lost their original enthusiasm. . . . The advantages of machinism are immediate and obvious: it is more agreeable to have instruments which make quick and easy a task which was once long and painful, and which thus create or which ought to create, great material prosperity. The disadvantages are more remote and more subtle, but they are none the less redoubtable; we begin to perceive them to-day. The machine contains potentialities of good and of evil. If one may judge by the experience of the past five hundred years, the potentialities of evil increase more rapidly than the potentialities of good, in proportion to the development of machinism. . . . Modern man has used the machine in accordance with his ideal and his dominant mentality; it is this mentality which is responsible for the evil results which we see to-day. . . . However, this modern mentality is of quite recent origin; its first symptoms began to be manifest during the Renaissance; under the influence of Jewish and Puritanical conceptions they were developed by the Reformation and were definitely established by the French Revolution of 1789. The new conceptions introduced industrial mercantilism into the economic domain, equalitarian democracy in politics, and materialistic rationalism in religion. . . .

"So long as tendencies of a material order were not predominant in man", says the Orientalist, René Guénon, "he never dreamed of consecrating all his time and all his efforts to the invention and construction of machines. It goes without saying that the successes obtained in this domain have subsequently amplified and generalized these same (material) tendencies, but these tendencies are the point of departure." There is a fact which will doubtless astonish many of our contemporaries, so infatuated with the

dea of progress: the principle of the machine was known in remote antiquity among very diverse peoples. But then, you will ask, why did they not produce an industrial civilization comparable to that of to-day? "The only answer which I can think of", writes the American, Stuart Chase, "is that they didn't do it, because they didn't want to" (art. "*Machinism et Civilisation: Résultats d'une Enquête Internationale*").

Are we to conclude that what is called "modern progress" is really a colossal mistake, a violation of Nature? Some may be inclined to think so, and to admire the sagacity of the wise men of antiquity who did not tell everybody all that they knew. However, the machine age is here and we must live in it, making the best of it, using its opportunities for discipline and the cultivation of fortitude, charity, and all the other innate virtues of man which do not have a mechanical origin. Also, we can dwell with insistence upon the idea that Nature and man are not machines, but are living, purposeful, and in essence divine. We can think thus, and can seek and find evidence that this idea is true.

A Way of Liberation

Theosophy suggests a way of liberation from the deluge of vulgarity and mechanism. It is not a return to a spurious "individualism" which was worldly and materialistic, a glorification of greed and the "heresy of separateness"; nor is it a surrender in any sense to the "collectivism" which, as in Russia, means a pooling of the lower natures of many human entities and the control of what is bad in a population, by what is worst.

Theosophy proposes and makes possible the formation of Groups of Disciples, who can gather around themselves a disciplined army or hierarchy of followers. This is not in contradiction with the fundamental tenet that the first object of Nature is the production of real individuals. Individuality does not mean isolation. The real individual completes the self-consciousness he has already acquired through his recognition of the Divine World and its expression in the Lodge of Masters, as the fruit of free and ardent co-operation with all that is highest and best in other men, for the highest and best in others is one in essence with the highest and best in himself. There is a true and harmonious relation between the spiritual man and the society of which he is an undivided part. But in order that such a relation can exist, he must be an indispensable and unique factor in that group. A symphony becomes a cacophony unless every note be sounded clearly and distinctly. Thus it is said that the higher one ascends in the scale of being, the more individual one becomes.

The existence of Groups of Disciples would allow the Lodge, the Higher Self of Humanity, to intervene more directly in human affairs. The Masters who have embodied the innate divine idea of the perfect man, could surely offer guidance and inspiration with more expectation of response, if there were in the world definite assemblages of men animated by a common determination to extend the ancient virtues of honour and good faith, of "noble living and noble dying".

FRAGMENTS

NO possible combination of circumstances can make you happy,—not heaven itself. Happiness depends upon your reactions to circumstances. The Masters cannot make the world happy by changing the conditions of the world. God placed man in Paradise, and this world is what man has made of it. If God made a second Paradise, man would do the same.

There are three things that make for happiness: understanding, acceptance, co-operation.

Could you see as the Masters see, you would find happiness. The vision of the *reality* of your life, would be a thing of such surpassing beauty, that, as you are now, you would die of it. So much for understanding.

Or if, in perfect faith and love, you could accept the Master's will for you, and accept all things as his will, then you would find happiness,—absolute peace, unshakable serenity.

If, finally, with imperfect understanding, inadequate acceptance maybe, you could, nevertheless, rouse your will to co-operation with your circumstances, going out gladly to them as to welcome guests, entertaining them, even the most painful of them, as messengers from on high, laden with priceless gifts and golden instruction—if you met them thus, I say, studying the veiled beauty of those gifts, reading and following, as best you could, those instructions, then, *then* you would be happy.

Ah, you say,—I wonder.

Could I but persuade you to put it to the test, to give it honest trial for one day! How many long years of suffering it might spare you, what piteous waste of force and time and tears. For some day you will do it, when the torture of every other kind of living has become unbearable.

But O the bleeding Heart of your Master that must await that day!

It has been decreed, in the magnanimity of the Law, that we shall have our part in the great plan of our salvation. So the Masters wait upon our willingness, wait for our consent to co-operate with them, wait, how often! upon our leisure. They respect our decisions with a majestic courtesy, leaving the hour to us so long as the day may last. Meanwhile, with an unalterable patience, they hold in their hands the gifts they long to bestow.

On all sides we are surrounded by wonders, but above all other wonders is

the wonder of their love. Every provision is made for us, every path is opened, no possibility is denied. Where there is denial, we have made it; where a path is blocked, we have placed the obstacle there, often with careful toil. But all the cunning of man has never devised a means by which that provision for us could be lessened or turned aside.

It is we who create conditions, we who have built up the circumstances at which we now rebel, we who have crossed the lovely pattern the Lords of Karma had invented for our weaving. What we have to-day, we fashioned in long-gone yesterdays; what the future will bring, is taking shape as the minutes of to-day slip by.

Ah, you say,—I wonder.

And I, too, wonder. Further words are useless; better to leave you with that wonder in your heart and the perfume of its undying nostalgia. Lay it away where you will, in the most hidden recess of your consciousness, the scent will cling there; and at any slightest disturbance of its hiding place, wafts of its penetrating fragrance will float through your nerves to tingle them, into your brain to fill it again with images and dreams.

O ye men of Myalba, tarry not too long! The day is passing, the day must have an end. Soon comes the long night of forgetfulness, and the dawn of another day will find your spirits where they fell asleep. What mighty progress may not others have accomplished, awake to inner things, in this same period of your oblivion? Trust the Compassion that broods over you. Hasten, before the darkening curtain falls upon the sunset embers of *this* day of opportunity. Never can it be the same. O ye men of Myalba, tarry not too long!

CAVÉ.

RICHNESS OF LIFE

Karma and the Capacity for Joy

ONE evening many years ago, under the brilliant star-lit sky of the Philippines, an old army officer, veteran of many campaigns, recounted for the benefit of his youthful second lieutenant, some of the fruits of his long experience in handling men. One of the things he said was that, while he had never been cruel enough to do it, if he ever had wanted to make a punishment really intolerable, he would have condemned the culprit to a term of hard *and useless* labour. He would, for instance, have compelled him to dig a long, deep ditch through a difficult, rocky place and, when it was finished, make him fill it up again until all was as before. The cruelty of the punishment would have lain in the culprit's realization that all his pain and effort were utterly useless.

It is just this sense of futility that makes the pain and suffering in life seem intolerable to so many people. Seeing neither purpose nor justice in them, they think of pain and suffering as not only hard but useless, and of life itself as only a series of accidents, with some pieces of good luck, but many more cruel blows from blind chance. They thus inflict on themselves the punishment the army officer thought too cruel for his most hardened offender. It is one thing to work or to suffer for a keenly desired end, and a totally different thing to believe oneself whipped into exactly the same labour or suffering for no end at all. Few things do more to lighten pain and misfortune than the perception that they have a purpose and lead to a goal that we ourselves greatly desire.

It is this gift, with many others, that Theosophy brings to those who study and who try to live by its teachings. Through their own observation, they come to see that life has purpose, that things do not happen by chance, and that nothing at all ever happens that cannot be used for good, for the growth of the soul and the development of character. A great many things happen that, in fact, are not so used, but this is because man has free will and can, if he choose, refuse the gifts that life seeks to give him. Some understanding of the beneficent purpose of life is essential to peace of heart, and without that peace there can be no happiness. Life is not in the least interested in providing easy, comfortable or "happy" outer circumstances for mankind. It is tremendously interested in increasing man's capacity for a blessedness that is both wisdom and joy, that these may be his, irrespective of outer circumstances. Such joy is a quality of the soul, and man experiences it to the degree to which he has succeeded in clearing the channels from the soul to his personality. Every act done from principle, for the right, for the highest that he can see, against his personal self-interest or inclination, every choice of "the better" rather than "the dearer", tends by so much to clear those channels. Every act of self-indulgence, every

choice of the dearer rather than the better, clogs them. If they were completely blocked, joy would be impossible.

With all the world seeking happiness, it is remarkable that so little attention has been paid to the fact that one class, and only one, has ever claimed to have attained it,—the saints and mystics of all ages. Without exception, they have testified to a happiness that words were quite inadequate to express. Outer circumstances certainly had nothing to do with it, for they lived, for the most part, in the utmost poverty, many with wretched health, some never passing a day free from pain; others spent years in prison. By the conquest of their lower natures, they gained some touch of the radiant joy of the soul's consciousness, a joy that no suffering, or hardship or persecution could take from them. The purpose of life is, in the course of millenniums, to bring all mankind to the full splendour of that consciousness.

The first step is to bring man to choose of his own free will (for he must not be dragged, even into heaven) to tread the path that leads to that goal, and to turn from those that lead away from it. The function of Karma is to make each man realize the consequences of wrong choices, so that next time he may choose more wisely. That is one reason why things have consequences. Karma literally means the law of action, the way in which things act, and all things are designed to act so as to carry out the purpose of life. Every act done, every thought or feeling entertained, even though not carried out in action, has its inevitable sequel. A force is thereby set flowing in a certain direction, leading to joy or to pain in accordance with its nature. The only way to avert the effect, is to set in motion a stronger current in the opposite direction. Selfishness, for example, has certain invariable results which can only be obviated by greater self-sacrifice. Even in that case, the selfishness has its effect, though it may not be noticeable, for the power of sacrifice that ought to have taken the man toward his goal, is in part expended in checking his wrong momentum.

When Madame Blavatsky first brought the law of Karma to the attention of the western world, even those who accepted it tended to think of it as a mechanical and outer law, a kind of celestial book-keeping requiring the payment of debts in kind. If I stepped on someone's toe, the Karmic consequence would be for someone to step on my toe, and so on. One incurred a debt to the law which had to be paid. There is truth in this. Debts to the law must be paid. Every act is a cause and its consequences are sure and inescapable. But it has also come to be realized that the Masters, who are the Lords of Compassion, are also the Lords of Karma; that Karma is compassion; that the universe is not mechanical but Infinite Love, and that Karma itself is poetic justice.

This is a far truer view, but it also has its danger. The mind is very skilful in producing excuses for self-indulgence, and its nature is to feel that somehow or other in its particular case, unpleasant consequences can be averted. If the mind could be really made to believe that there is never any escape from the results of actions, it would be far more careful of what it permitted itself to suggest. If, for instance, a man knew beyond the faintest doubt that every time he gives way to irritation, he must suffer for it, it would act as a most powerful deterrent

to his bad temper. That he does so suffer is the fact. It is also poetic justice that he should suffer; but the moment poetic justice is mentioned, the mind seizes on it: "Ah! Poetic justice, that lets me out. It would be anything but poetic justice if one of my excellent good intentions should be made to suffer, merely because I lost my temper under such great provocation", and so on. Those who find themselves so arguing, would do well to go back to the mechanical view of the inevitableness of consequences. It is not true compassion to let anyone "get away" with deliberate disobedience.

There is also a tendency to limit one's conception of Karmic effects to outer circumstances. Karma does affect one's outer circumstances, but this is secondary. The primary effects are inner. Outer circumstances, in any case, are only of importance to us for their influence on our inner states, our thoughts, feelings, sensations, etc. What that influence is to be depends far less on the outer event itself than on the individual concerned, on his past Karma and his present will. There are few more wide-spread or more pernicious errors than the current belief that a man's inner state, his happiness or unhappiness, depends upon his outer circumstances. "No man can be religious if he is hungry", is a typical statement of this point of view,—one often adopted by modern clergymen, who appear quite ignorant of the use of fasting, in all ages and in all religions, as an aid to spirituality. Consciousness is not, as science sometimes assumes, a by-product of matter, nor is its character necessarily determined by material conditions. A man may have very little immediate control over what happens to him, but he may acquire almost infinite control over his own reactions to those events. It is the character of these reactions, the kind of thought, feeling or sensation with which he responds, that matters to him, not the outer occurrence itself. He may react to a given situation with irritation or with sympathy, with craven fear or heroic valour. The choice lies in his own hands, and in accordance with that choice will be the nature of his consciousness, and according to the nature of his consciousness, will be his happiness or unhappiness. This is part of what is meant by the statement in the *Idyll of the White Lotus* that, "Each man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment."

Our point is that every action, every choice made by the will, brings its own immediate reward or punishment in the kind of thought and feeling that it engenders within us, and which thus becomes our mental environment, colouring with its colour, distorting with its distortion, everything that reaches us. Suppose, for example, that a man is frankly criticized by a friend for some wrong course of conduct. He has his choice between feeling and expressing gratitude or resentment. He chooses to give way to resentment. The Karmic punishment is not that his friend—or some one else—will, in turn, express resentment to him, although that may very well happen. The Karmic punishment occurs at once and inevitably. It consists in the resentment itself, inside the man. He has admitted it, created it, and, for a longer or shorter period, he must live *in* it, surrounded by it, imprisoned in that type of feeling. He may not realize it as punishment, but it is. Its sourness and bitterness, its killing effect upon all

joy, is not any less sour or bitter or killing because some elemental inside him persuades him that he is right in feeling resentful. Naturally also, reactions of that kind tend to repeat themselves with increasing intensity.

If, instead of resentment, the man chooses gratitude, he fills himself with the light and joy of gratitude, and reaps at once his reward. Gratitude drives out lower types of thought and feeling. No one, for instance, can feel gratitude and self-pity simultaneously. Whatever his choice may be, the Karmic result is immediate and inevitable in its effect on his consciousness.

There are other results. Each choice a man makes opens him to other influences at the same level. Like a radio receiver, man can tune himself to different pitches, so that he receives and responds to, wave lengths of various rates of vibration, high or low. The owner of a radio can choose between a great variety of possible programmes, low and vulgar, or perhaps high and inspiring. When his radio is set for a certain wave length, that—good or bad—is admitted, and all others excluded. In just the same way, each man is surrounded continuously by psychic influences from the astral world around him, pressing upon him, like the waves around a radio, or like water pressing against the bottom of a boat. These influences are of very different rates of vibration, so to speak, or are on very different levels, from the filth of the gutter to the music of the stars, and all between.

If we tune ourselves to the level of resentment, all on that level and nothing higher, can gain admittance to our thought and feeling. If we tune ourselves to gratitude, we open ourselves to the level of gratitude, a quality of the soul, and that which is on the plane of the soul can flow in, closing the door to what is below it. Each choice of the will tends to tune us to its level, opening us to corresponding influences both from the psychic sea in which we are immersed, and also to certain reactions from the outer world of events.

It is a matter of everyday experience that a given occurrence has one effect on us when we are in one mood, and a totally different effect, or no effect at all, when we are in a different mood. The type of effect is a part of the Karma of the choice that resulted in the particular mood we were in. Moods themselves are Karma, the result of past choices of the will, usually made unconsciously it is true, but made none the less. A man feels gloomy. Why? The chances are a hundred to one that it is because he has been thinking about himself instead of his work, or of others, or of something that would interest his real self instead of his personality. All that happens to him as a result of his gloom, and it may be a great deal, is a part of the Karma of thinking about himself. We ought to train ourselves ceaselessly to ask: Why? Why did this happen? Because of that; yes, but why was that and why that, until we have pushed it back to the moral cause at the root of it all, and to what needs to be done in ourselves about it. There always is a moral cause and always something that ought to be done about it. We have, let us assume, failed to carry our point, a sound one, at some meeting. Why did we fail when we were right? Because we had been interrupted six times while we were preparing for the meeting, by subordinates with questions that had to be answered. In consequence we were irritated, flustered and in-

sufficiently prepared. It was not our fault; anyone would have been. Perhaps, but why were we preparing just before the meeting, why had not the questions been answered earlier? Perhaps the trouble was procrastination several days before. Perhaps it was lack of firmness in not refusing to answer unnecessary questions at that time. Irritation is frequently due to indecision or lack of firmness. Whatever the cause, it should be found and steps taken to correct it.

The effort to see the cause and to guard against its recurrence in the future will often take most of the sting from a defeat. A man's mistakes may be turned into most valuable assets by understanding their causes, so that he will not make them again. It removes the sting because it leads us to attack our fault vigorously. To do this from a right motive is to align oneself with the soul, and thus to share in the courageous, unresentful consciousness of the soul. Every right action ought to have its immediate reward in consciousness. Every step on the road to heaven ought to be heaven. This is not to say that sacrifice is not very real and very hard. "The heart will bleed and the whole life of the man seem to be utterly dissolved." The spiritual life calls men, not weaklings, and calls them to heroic valour, not to beds of ease. The Masters turn back from the threshold of unutterable bliss, sacrificing themselves for man; and those who would serve them, must, in their place and degree, learn to follow in their footsteps. Every soul must learn sacrifice, but sacrifice should bring its reward. That, in our case, it does not always do so, is because we have not yet learned to be whole-hearted, to give ourselves completely in love and devotion to the Masters' cause, the cause of the soul. "To go half-way is misery but all the way is heaven", does not mean that we must attain to adeptship before we find heaven. It means that to find joy we must do whatever we do with all our hearts. When we look back, like Lot's wife, with regret to what we are leaving, that which should have been our joy, turns to salt in our mouths. Those who, like some of the saints, have learned to give themselves wholly, have found rapture even in martyrdom.

Even though the immediate reward be missed, it remains true that every right action tends to clear the passages from the soul to the personal consciousness, and so to increase the individual's capacity for joy. The mind is open to thoughts, feelings, impulses, from above and from below. According to the habitual nature of these thoughts and feelings will be the character, the "colour" of the mind, its sensitiveness and clarity, or its denseness and callousness. Just as a given shade of colour applied by an artist to the picture that he is painting, will appear light or dark depending upon the background against which it is seen, so the effect in consciousness of any given outer event varies through an almost infinitely wide range with the colour of the mind and heart experiencing it. Every impulse from above, entertained and made one's own, makes the nature that much finer, more sensitive, clearer, keener, more appreciative of beauty, more capable of enjoyment. Every impulse from below, similarly entertained, has just the reverse effect, making it duller, denser, less capable of feeling, and so requiring coarser and coarser stimulation in order to feel alive at all. It has been said that every mental deficiency, without exception, is due to

some moral disobedience in the past, perhaps in some other life. It should not be forgotten, however, that the past of every man includes many, many lives, and much good as well as much bad Karma has usually been accumulated. A man leading a degrading life may have brought over from some former incarnation a keen appreciation of beauty which he has not yet had time to destroy completely. From one point of view, it is fortunate that we usually change so slowly, but we do change. There is nothing that we cannot change.

If the effects of Karma on consciousness and thus on the powers of appreciation and enjoyment, were better understood, there might be less complaint of injustice in the world. There are those whose faith in an over-ruling Providence is shaken when they see one man, with callous selfishness, dishonestly accumulate a fortune, while another, working hard and honourably, remains in poverty. Surely, they think, if the doctrine of Karma were true, the dishonest man would lose his fortune to the other. Perhaps he will, in some other life, perhaps not. Karma is not interested in a man's bank account but in the development of his soul. Wealth and poverty are merely the means by which lessons are taught, not ends in themselves. Often the best way to show a man that he does not really desire something he thinks he wants, is to give it to him. That is a method life frequently uses. If leaving a man with an ill-gotten fortune will teach him his lesson more rapidly and effectively than taking it away, why take it away? We tend to think of unpleasant or painful outer consequences as the Karmic punishment for wrong doing, and to feel, if no such consequences are visible, that justice has somehow failed. The fact is that the inner effects are the penalty, and the outer results are Karmic compassion, sent to jar the man from his insensibility, that by pain and suffering he may be turned from hell toward heaven. But for the pain that his wrong choices cause him, he might continue deadening himself and sinking lower and lower indefinitely. As it is, the pain, usually a gentle warning at first, goes on increasing until, if unheeded, it becomes unbearable, and the man is forced to turn or go mad. This process must often take a number of incarnations for its completion. Sometimes, particularly with such sins as drunkenness and gluttony, one can see the entire cycle take place in a comparatively few years.

As we have said, the effects in consciousness of any given outer event vary almost infinitely with the "colour" of the mind experiencing it, and this colour depends on the man's past, on his Karma. Karma *is* poetic justice. It does a man no good to see each day, from his beautifully landscaped country place, a wide view of entrancing loveliness, if by self-indulgence he has ruined his ability to appreciate beauty, or by lack of mental control, has so filled his mind with irritation or resentment that he has made himself blind to all else. (If anyone doubt this, let him test it for himself and see, the next time he is filled with violent resentment, how much appreciation of beauty can get through it.) We do not mean that no one enjoys ill-gotten wealth. Many certainly give every appearance of doing so, for the coarsening process is a gradual one. Furthermore, very few people are consistently bad. But in the end, the utterly selfish man's state becomes that described in "The Parable of the Persian Beggar" in the

THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for October, 1932, the story in which a drunken beggar is made Caliph for a day by Haroun-al-Raschid. Made Lord of the wide realm of Persia, with all its opportunities for giving and receiving joy and gladness, the one thing the beggar was capable of desiring was to drink himself into insensibility. That was all his day as Caliph brought him.

On the other hand, each step nearer to the spiritual world, all growth in selflessness, greatly increases the capacity for joy in little, commonplace things. A simple walk in the country, the arching of meadow grasses, the colour of buds, the grace of a bird's flight, a fairy garden of moss, grasses and gentian on a hummock in a stream, the mysterious charm of woods, the golden sunlight of late afternoon, may give the keenest delight to a recollected mind. When the mind is self-absorbed, the very same things may produce no effect whatever. Greater appreciation of natural beauty is, of course, only one of many forms of spiritual delight with which Karma rewards selflessness. One might, to take another illustration, contrast the intense joy of whole-hearted admiration for some nobility of character in one we love, with the sourness of envy which the same quality can so easily arouse—as the Pharisees, and many others since then, have abundantly proved. The power to look up with unstinted admiration is one of the great gifts of life. "Hero worship of the worthy *is* salvation." What we admire, that, in time, we become.

Beauty can be truly appreciated only when it is used as a door to the spiritual world, the home and source of all joy. Far more than the mere artist, it is those who, as Fray Luis de Granada put it, "mount by the staircase of the created world to the contemplation of the beauty and wisdom of its Creator", who are enraptured by the loveliness of nature. Luis de Granada, himself a mystic, found delight at every turn. The "noble bearing" of a horse, the structure of a sea shell, an ant, a bee, the majesty of the stars at night, the charm of meadows, the grandeur of mountains, the delicacy of a lily, great things and small, all gave him keen joy, and all led him to adoration of the omnipotence and beauty of their Creator. "Our thought", he wrote, "must break down the walls of Heaven, and pass beyond—contented with knowing not only that which it can see, but also that which is invisible." J.F.B.M.

The Buddha said: You yourself must make the effort. Buddhas do but point the Way.—DHAMMAPADA.

The fountain of contentment must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

He who postpones the day for living as he knows he ought to do is like the fool who sits by the river and waits till it flows by; but it glides and will glide on till all time.—HORACE.

A LAY SERMON[1]

The Way of Life

IN the eighth chapter of Romans and the sixth verse are these words:—"For the minding of the flesh is death, but the minding of the spirit is life and peace."

This verse from the Christian Bible plainly defines two lines of thought and action diametrically opposed to each other, and the result of following either.

The teachers of all religions have told us that we cannot serve two masters, and that we must choose either one or the other—either God or mammon. So here, St. Paul, the initiate, tells us that going in one direction is the way of death, and going in the other is the way of life and peace. It would naturally be thought that there would be no hesitation in the choice between these two courses of action; but what do we find? We find people choosing the way of death rather than the way of life. There must be some reason for this. We shall therefore need to examine our verse more closely, that its meaning and application may become clear.

The verse, as a whole, certainly stresses one important factor which is a key to its understanding, and that is the dual nature of man—the higher representing that which is pure and noble, and the lower the opposite of these. Man being endowed with mind is a responsible being and has to work out his own salvation. The extent to which he does this depends entirely upon another part of his nature, and that is the principle of desire. It is apparent that we must first desire a thing before we exercise the will to obtain it. We see that the two ways indicated in the verse have their root in desire, and this will remind us of the teaching, "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also". So it would seem that our desire will be according to our view of life. If we think that we are in this world merely to gratify self in one form or another, our hearts will be set in that direction. If, on the other hand, we think there is a much higher purpose to be served, we shall act accordingly. It will be noticed that the verse is emphatic in both directions, that action either way produces the corresponding result. As we go along in daily life we see the effect of the minding of the flesh in various ways; consciousness is centred in one or more forms of gratification to the practical exclusion of all other interests and purposes. Such selfishness and enslavement of the will are certainly death to any consideration for others, and to all higher thoughts and feelings generally. The minding of the flesh is death physically, mentally and spiritually. We see people losing their physical health and vitality long before the maturer years of life are reached; we see a depraved mental outlook which is the victim and slave of low desires; we see the lack of the sense of moral obligation, and the wholly material view of life, which lives

[1] An address given at Unitarian Free Church, Sunderland, England.

only for the moment, and recognizes no Divine guidance or order in anything. Such is the result of going in the direction of the flesh, and the consideration brings with it a sense of grave responsibility, so far as we ourselves are concerned. It is said that "the sin and shame of the world are our sin and shame, for we are a part of it".

There are people who would like to help the world but who say they can do little or nothing for lack of ability, position or time. But no poverty or circumstance can prevent right thought and right action. Strong, positive thoughts for good can contribute greatly to the world's uplifting; they can strengthen the moral tone generally, and help some individual to withstand the wiles of the tempter, the sleepless adversary. Is it not an encouraging thought that we are placed just where we are needed most, and that each of us in our own way can play our own useful and most necessary part? There is no need to ape the ways of others. It is much better to do our own duty well—humble though it may be —than to want some other duty which is not within our scope, and for which we are not fitted at this particular time. We have our own special task which others cannot perform. We contact and so can influence a certain number of people who cross, or go along, our pathway, where others do not reach. On the other hand, those others contact still a different number whom we could never touch; and so the world is benefited and enriched by individual effort and sacrifice.

Let us look for a moment for the reason why so many choose the way of death. First, perhaps, it is due to lack of self-control, lack of will-power to dominate the lower desires as they appear, or, in other cases, lack of effort to try again when we have failed to stand the test. For ages, the psychic trend of thought has done much to strengthen and increase low desires, until what is really perverted function is even regarded as natural. We are often the victims of such glamour. Second, it is lack of vision to some extent. We may have heard that we are the children of God, but we may not realize the spiritual unity of mankind,—that mankind, in essence, is divine, and that it should be man's object to express that divinity in daily life. Man has for so long regarded himself as a separate personality, with no definite fundamental relationship to other personalities, that he lives from the point of view of self-interest, self-assertion, self-preservation. He does not see that he is his brother's keeper, in fact his very self. So he acts, as a rule, from the standpoint of diversity, instead of from that of unity. The dual nature of man is, therefore, the key to the understanding of this verse, the second half of which we may now consider.

There is no doubt that the minding of the spirit does give life and peace, to all who live thereby. Some experience this in quite a simple, humble way, while others have a deeper vision of its reality. But, whatever the understanding, all sincere effort brings a corresponding result. Our effort and application in the minding of the spirit, must be according to our vision. The minding of the spirit to many, might consist mainly of those "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" without which the world would be a sorry place indeed. The minding of the spirit might also mean a trusting in God or Providence regarding the affairs of life. There is a faith in things Divine, blind though it

sometimes is, that has the conviction of experience, and that tides people over many a crisis of sickness, hardship or want.

The minding of the spirit is the cultivation of the things of the spirit—and there are no things more valuable to cultivate. Faith is one of these things, whether blind or enlightened, though, even with the latter, trust is necessary before certainty arrives. The disciple must have faith that the Master is there, before spiritual contact can be made. So we have been told that "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen". This faith or trust in things Divine, gives contentment and peace in spite of all trials and difficulties. There is too little nowadays of, "Ask the Master to help you, He will carry you through", and too much of personal, worldly struggle. As the minding of the spirit gives faith and peace, so it gives life, and in more ways than one. It gives zeal and energy to do life's allotted tasks, for now we strive to do with our might, with our whole heart and soul, what our hands find to do, and consequently we work much more accurately. And we find a satisfaction in our efforts, so that in this striving and attaining a greater measure of life is gained—a dim reflection of that immortal life looming in the distance.

As we cultivate the things of the spirit, we find that this positive attitude is the best way of eliminating the things of the world. The more concerned we are with the higher things of life, the higher nature, the less shall we be feeding and strengthening the lower aspect, the lower nature. It is not that we are to run away from the world, but that we should be in it and yet not of it. Such effort is always a battle, a warfare, until the final victory is gained; so it is said that "he who conquereth himself is greater than he who taketh a city". We have a great example in the Christian Master, who withstood all temptation, and vanquished his enemies by utterly refusing to depart in any way from spiritual principles. In speaking of these enemies it is well to remind ourselves that there are two great forces in the world—the force for good and the force for evil—and thus it will be rightly assumed that those enemies belonged to the evil Powers. The force for good needs helpers and workers in the world, and it is encouraging to remember that as we cultivate the things of the spirit we contribute to the spiritual, the real, welfare of mankind. This is true service, the opposite of self-seeking in any form. We can become so lifted out of self that we cease to have personal rights and wrongs, and work solely for this glorious Ideal.

If such a life is a life of warfare, as it undoubtedly is, how can it be "life and peace", it may be asked? The life of the spirit is a fuller, wider, deeper experience than the question supposes; it transcends the purely personal, and reaches up to that which is permanent and everlasting. "The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour have no limit." The peace that is gained is the Master's peace—that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. It is not "peace at any price", nor the cessation of inner or outer conflict. It is that oneness of heart and purpose whereby the Master's will is done at all costs. As a house divided against itself cannot stand, neither can a man who is pulled this way and that by the winds of fancy and desire. This peace is that state of mind and heart whereby the whole life is

placed in the hands of the Master and the Divine Law. The circumstances and conditions of life are accepted and made the best of, for the man knows that they are the wisest and most suitable at any given time. There is certain work to do and there are certain lessons to learn, and it is remarkable how our circumstances and conditions provide the necessary scope and opportunity. As has been said, this peace is no cessation of inner or outer conflict; trials and difficulties arise from without, from contact with the world, and temptations assail one from within, through the mind and imagination, where the battle-ground really lies. But in spite of all, there is this peace and strength, which enable a man to face confidently, with poise and without fear, whatever may come to him.

Perhaps we now see that "the minding of the flesh *is* death", and that "the minding of the spirit *is* life and peace". The former is a life of self-indulgence with all its attendant evils. It unfits man for his work and degrades him. Selfishness is truly a living death. The minding of the spirit is a life of service and wise helpfulness; a life of infinite expansion. As a man strives to *be*, to embody his knowledge, his life and thought become much more valuable to his fellows, and his influence for good is greatly increased. Such a life *is* life, for it reaches to the higher realms of being, and realizes, in ever increasing degree, the beauty and grandeur of the universe, and man's purpose and place in it. Such a life is peace, for it is life lived from the spirit; it depends not on worldly struggle or natural advantage, but on Divine Law. It accepts whatever is its lot with genuine faith and detachment. It is, therefore, a life lived as an Immortal, true to its real nature, true to its God, one that alone makes possible the vision of the Gates of Gold and the ability one day to pass through them.

We have doubtless made our choice as to these two courses of action; it but remains for us the more vigorously to pursue our pathway.

"Remember, moreover, that only to those who are deaf is life a cry;—it is a song; and if this be true of life in general, it is also true of life in particular, of your life and of theirs. We are closest to the heart of things when we are happy! —when in spite of trials and adversities a fountain of joy and gladness springs within us. The trials are ephemeral and will pass; the joy is immortal and divine, and endures for ever. And when I say 'accept', I mean no passive condition, but rather what St. Paul implied, when he said, '*Let us lay aside every weight* and press toward the mark' " (*Fragments*, Vol. I, p. 31).

"There is but one way that a man shall live, and it is this: to face the circumstances of his life, whatever they may mean of sorrow, pain, or renunciation, and in the midst of them courageously and cheerfully to fulfil his duty and carve out his destiny. Upon the footsteps of such a man the angels wait, and all the divine powers of the universe acknowledge his commands. When a man has been able to master his own heart, and at the behest of duty has put aside that which is dearest, that man has conquered the world" (*Fragments*, Vol. II, p. 129).

"As that star blazes out on the night sky, so should your life shine in the material world about you; pointing the way, for those who can see it, to where the Christ may be found" (*Fragments*, Vol. II, p. 130).

E. Howard Lincoln.

WITHOUT CENSOR

V.

THE distance from Brest to Bordeaux was something under four hundred miles by rail, but the journey took us two days and two nights. The regiment travelled in several sections. The men were packed in the usual box-cars, each marked "40 Hommes-8 Chevaux", and were very crowded, it not being possible for all the men in a car to lie down at the same time. We distributed the officers among the various trains, the ranking officer on board being the commanding officer of each train. The Colonel and his staff travelled on the last section. The travel ration had been issued to all ranks, drinking-water bottles had been filled, and the men had provided themselves in one way or another with various unauthorized additions to the ration; but the only hot nourishment they had during the trip was the coffee which the French Red Cross served whenever we stopped at one of the larger towns. Sanitary and washing facilities on the trip were non-existent. The men were so cramped in their box-cars, our progress was so leisurely and there seemed to be so little hurry, that two or three times a day we would have the train stopped between towns, send back a guard along the track to flag anything coming up in our rear, and turn the troops out for twenty minutes or so in the fields to stretch their legs. Each one of these stops was the subject of violent expostulations from our French engineer. He would leave his engine, come back along the track to the Colonel's carriage, and break into a torrent of excited and voluble French. The Colonel, who could not understand a word of what was said, would inquire what it was all about, and when told that the engineer was concerned lest we should be run into by another train from behind, this fear being the constant and predominant one at each stop, would tell us to quiet the man down again, remarking that, if everything else on the line travelled as slowly as we did, there was not the slightest danger of an accident, adding with some heat that personally he would be inclined to get out and walk the rest of the way, were it not for the fact that he was not expected before the arrival of the train.

The Colonel and his staff were not much better off on the trip than the enlisted men, except in the matter of food. There were six of us all told, and we occupied an old railway carriage that was meant to hold four with some crowding, and which had no upper berths. Four of us managed to sleep on the two seats, by so arranging ourselves that our feet overlapped in the middle; this necessitated a skilful preservation of balance, as the seats were narrow, and no abrupt change of position was possible without kicking one's bunkmate. The remaining two slept on the floor between the seats, where as a matter of fact they were really more comfortable. During the day the train stopped at almost every town and village for some minutes, and once we realized that this was a regular custom, we took advantage of it, when we became unbearably hungry, to rush across in

turns to the *estaminet*—there was invariably one directly opposite the railway station at each stop—hastily bolting an omelet and some hot coffee, after having first thrown out a guard to prevent the men from leaving their cars, and after having placed another guard over the engineer to make sure that he did not go on without us.

The real purpose, however, of the guard at the stations, was to prevent the troops from mingling with the crowd at every stop, and from becoming scattered in their warm response to the friendly and enthusiastic greetings which we received from the French all along the line. We should never have collected them, had they been allowed off, when we started again, and should have been sure to have left some of them behind at each place. We were travelling on a Saturday and a Sunday, and the Saturday was a Saint's Day, and consequently a holiday. Our earlier sections had already gone through before us, and word had been passed about in the towns that Americans were coming in force; indeed, it is easy to see that even one regiment, distributed among several trains, would create an impression, however unwarranted, of several times their actual number. Consequently, the entire population of each town had apparently come *en masse* to the railway station, and had spent the day there to see the Americans. Women and children predominated; almost all of them were in black; there were only a few old men. They received us in a most moving way. As we drew slowly into a station, we would hear the strains of the Marseillaise being sung, and would be struck by the preponderance of women's voices and the high treble of children; the deeper note was missing. As we stopped, the singing would die away, and they would cheer us with real emotion, and with a brave waving of the tri-colour and of handkerchiefs. Once we were stationary, the crowd would break, surging around the box-cars, stretching out their hands to grasp the hands of our men; offering them, of their scanty store, fruit and flowers and even chocolate; trying, in spite of the difficulties of language, to tell us, to make us feel, how glad they were that we were there. Our men would sit in the opening of the cars, and lift the children on their knees and hold them, while the older ones crowded around close, until surrounding each "door" there was a solid mass of people, rapidly cementing the most friendly relations, commenting favourably upon the youth and vigour and freshness of our men. The very sight of us brought them a new strength and hope, and brought as well many sad reminders. Tears were running down the faces of many of the women, and I saw tears in the eyes of many of our men. It was a royal progress that we made, something far above and beyond anything that either we or our country had deserved; and yet it was well that it was so, for it brought to us all, as nothing else possibly could have done, what the War had meant and still meant to these people who were welcoming us with their whole hearts. It brought, as well, a fresh resolve and a new consecration.

During the first day, the journey was enlivened by one of the lieutenants, who became ill and delirious, and who was obviously running a high temperature. The two Regimental Medical Officers were both on sections in advance of us; but I sent a telegram ahead, and one of them dropped off at his next stop and

awaited our arrival there; and by the time we reached Bordeaux at about 1 a. m. on the morning of April 11th, our patient had almost recovered. Our Senior Major, who had gone overseas with the advance party from Division Headquarters, and who had been spending the intervening time making the necessary arrangements for our arrival at Camp Souge, met us in the railway station at Bordeaux in the middle of the night, and we found there, as well as on various sidings, our advance sections which had preceded us. After being shunted about the rest of the night, we finally disentrained at a little village west of Bordeaux, formed the regiment in column, and marched three or four miles to the Camp itself and took possession of our new quarters.

Camp Souge was half way between Bordeaux and the sea, in that flat and sandy stretch of country called the Landes, and was an immense affair, a permanent instruction camp, and capable of accommodating two brigades of artillery. We found already there the three artillery regiments comprising the 152d Artillery Brigade, of the 77th Division; our divisional infantry were on the British front, technically in support and reserve, but actually receiving their final instruction and training; later on, we were all to join up together again in a quiet sector in the Vosges, so that the Division could undergo, as a unit, its first experience in holding a part of the line. We had been sent so far south in order that our artillery, after actually receiving their guns (there had only been two or three field pieces available for training purposes for the entire Artillery Brigade, during all that long period at Camp Upton) might have intensive training in their use, and also the experience of actually firing them on the artillery range at Souge under simulated combat conditions. A short distance inside the main gateway of the Camp, which was constantly guarded, were the officers' quarters for our entire Brigade, a collection of one-story huts in a grove of trees, each housing three or four officers in separate rooms; and nearby were the Officers' Mess and the Camp Hospital. A long, sandy road led to the main part of the Camp, half a mile away, where were the men's barracks, each building holding a company or a battery, and each regiment having its own area. There the men lived under the command of their non-commissioned officers. The barracks were large, airy, and cool, which was important, as we had come into distinctly warm weather so far south. Twenty-four hours saw us settled, after the usual appearance of turmoil and confusion, which is so misleading in the Army, for throughout it things are always rapidly being accomplished.

The first two or three weeks were busy ones for me. We got our instructions direct from our own Artillery Brigade Commander, so we did not have to present ourselves officially this time to the American General commanding the Base Post of Bordeaux. But, through our Brigade Headquarters, a steady stream of orders, instructions and memoranda poured in, from General Headquarters, A. E. F.; from the French, under whose direct supervision we were; from the City of Bordeaux, in regard to certain civic laws and regulations. All of these had to be adapted for regimental use, or otherwise complied with, and regimental orders had to be issued explaining them and directing this compliance. New local rules and regulations covering the Camp and our own regimental area

had to be issued. The great docks on the Garonne, which the American Engineers had assisted in building, were covered with war materiel of all kinds, and the Ammunition Train received, with a minimum of delay, the ammunition trucks, caissons, and various wagons and vehicles to which we were entitled, and with which, up to now, we had only been familiar on paper. The work of obtaining these devolved largely upon the Colonel and the Supply Officer, but, once acquired, more regimental orders were issued in regard to their use and the training which they necessitated. There seemed no end, at first, to the paper-work in which I was involved. It tapered off, however, after a while; and once the training, which included the working out of tactical firing problems with our artillery, and the actual supplying of ammunition during the problem, got well under way, it devolved mainly upon our battalion and company commanders, so that my principal share in it was to accompany the Colonel on horseback, while he observed and criticized what was done. We attended a number of lectures, by French and American instructors, not only on the handling of the different kinds of shells, but also, in conjunction with the Artillery officers, upon strictly technical points in connection with their arm of the Service.

While we really acquired thereby a very considerable general knowledge of the functions of the artillery, it by no means made us competent to act as artillery officers; and we were consequently thrown into consternation to learn that every Ammunition Train which had so far arrived in France had been officered by men commissioned in the Artillery, and that there was every likelihood of our being transferred in a body to that arm and re-commissioned in the same grades. The theory in the old Regular Army had been that, once a Captain, an officer was competent to function, as a Captain, in any branch of the Service. This was true in so far as graduates of West Point were concerned. But it was far from being true in this War in respect to men fresh from civil life, with no previous military experience; men who had had only a few months training in their particular arm of the Service. We were filled with forebodings as to what would happen if we were called upon, as artillery officers, ten days after being re-commissioned, to fire a battery in action, knowing no more about the technique of the artillery and its practical operation than we did. We were worried, not about ourselves and about personal failure, but because of the inevitable inefficiency which we should display, and the effect it would have upon the lives of other men. I began to realize that an Ammunition Train was neither one thing nor the other, neither infantry nor artillery; and I commenced, from that time on, definitely to turn my mind and attention to the consideration of ways in which I might work myself out of my present assignment, into a larger sphere of action. Up to the time when I was finally transferred from the Ammunition Train some weeks later, no such re-commissioning as had been suggested had taken place; what happened after my departure, I never learned.

One of my duties had been to read and to censor the letters written home by the men of the Headquarters Company. Some of these letters were pathetic and revealing, and it was often possible to do something, indirectly or otherwise, to meet the need which had been disclosed. But many of them contained nothing

but stuff and nonsense; the writers were obviously trying to "put it over big" with the folks at home and prove that they were heroes. I remember one letter from a soldier to his best girl, in which he explained that, although the shells were shrieking overhead, he was faithfully writing to her just the same, in spite of the great danger. The shells *were* shrieking overhead, but it was merely the artillery firing over the Camp and on to the range, in a practice problem. A friend in New York sent me a clipping from the *Evening Sun*, containing extracts from letters from two sergeants in companies of the 302d Ammunition Train, which painted "a vivid picture of a train rushing to the gun pits with a supply of ammunition. No matter how much shell fire is sweeping the roads, the wagons go. The real praise belongs to the horses, who become terrified when the firing starts, and in many cases they race to their destination only because of their fright." When all this balderdash was written, these two men were safely at Camp Souge, and had never been nearer the front than Brest. I had already become very tired of acting as censor, but this kind of thing was the last straw. I conceived a really brilliant idea as to how to rid myself of this chore, and suggested to the Colonel that, after all, the Chaplain was the one to censor the Headquarters' letters, because, through reading them, he would become more familiar with the spiritual needs of the men and so be better able to minister to them. The Colonel heartily approved; so I told the Chaplain that the Colonel had decided upon this in order to extend his sphere of usefulness, and the good man was delighted, and so was I.

I have said that the powers that be, had, in their wisdom, seen fit to assign us a Roman Catholic priest as Chaplain, probably because we had so many Protestants and Jews in our organization. The usual method seemed to be to try to pick out a Chaplain of a different denomination from the majority of his flock; I heard of one regiment, composed largely of Roman Catholics, who had a Christian Scientist as their spiritual director. However, we were fortunate in the man assigned to us, as he was a thoroughly good sort, did excellent work, and was liked and respected by the men. He had proved so useful to me over censoring letters, that I began to cast about in my mind for other ways in which he could be of service. A great many cases arose among the men which required drastic disciplinary action, not possible for the company commanders to take. Each of these cases was tried by a Special Court Martial, which consisted of five members, and was less cumbersome and quicker in action than a General Court Martial. Even so, these Courts took a great deal of my time; and in order to expedite matters, I suggested to the Colonel that the Chaplain should be appointed permanent counsel for the defence in all Special Courts. The Colonel approved, and from then on the administration of justice ran on greased wheels. The Chaplain would talk beforehand with the accused, and, whenever he found extenuating circumstances, was usually so delighted and surprised that he brought the facts out at once at the trial. If, however, the Chaplain began to talk in general terms about the accused's previous good record, and what a good son he had been to his old mother at home, we knew that there was nothing more to be said for him, shut the Chaplain off with two or three sharp

questions, and awarded a speedy sentence. As good a way as any; and justice was usually done.

As the training of the Regiment progressed, and the initial flood of paper-work subsided and became a routine flow, I found that I had more spare time on my hands than I liked. It was too much like Camp Upton all over again, in a French setting, and was not at all my idea of getting on with the war. Not that many days were not pleasant enough. Every morning either my horse, or a motorcycle side-car, would be waiting for me at the officers' quarters after breakfast. After proceeding to Regimental Headquarters in the Camp itself, and after completing my duties there, I had time for a ride around the range, which covered several miles, if the artillery were not firing; if they were, one could ride out to observe, and to hear the criticisms of the French officers. The dry grass on the range caught fire from bursting shells about once a day in the hot weather, and men had to be hastily packed into trucks and rushed to the spot to put it out. In the late afternoons we would practise with the pistol; several of us wangled a lot of pistol ammunition, and borrowed an Ordnance Sergeant from one of the companies, who set up targets for us in an isolated corner of the range, and called the shots. When gas masks were issued, we not only practised wearing them for short stretches in what we called the lethal chamber, which was filled with either phosgene or chlorine gas, but also wore them, on and off, for several hours at a time while we were performing our routine duties, in order to become entirely at home in them. I can remember wearing mine on horseback, and while driving a motorcycle over the Landes, and again while sitting at my table at Regimental Headquarters, this last being a great bore. About this time friction developed between the Colonel and one of the Majors, and as Adjutant it became necessary to call upon all of such diplomatic attributes as I possessed to keep the peace; it was a question of talking with each of them separately after a ruction, of smoothing them down again, and of calling the attention of each to the other's good qualities; of saying the right thing at the right time in the right way at Mess; of making each of them appear in a favourable light when the other was present, and of creating a friendly atmosphere again. There were other instances, too, when tact was needed. One of our Captains persistently allowed his company mess-hall to become dirty and unsanitary. The Regimental Medical Officer spoke to me about it more than once, but, in spite of my suggestions to the Captain, there was no improvement. Finally, the Medical Officer said to me that, in his judgment, conditions were sufficiently menacing to health to make it his duty to go to the Colonel without any further delay. This I was anxious to avoid, as in all other respects this particular Captain was a very efficient officer. So, after talking it over with the Medical Officer, I hit upon a plan. Short conferences were about to take place three times a week between the Colonel and the senior officers of the Regiment, in which we were to discuss among ourselves, and to adapt, the instruction we had been receiving. I issued the order for these conferences, and stated in it that they would be held in the particular mess-hall which had been under criticism. I went to the first conference with great eagerness, anxious to see how my plan had worked; the mess-

hall was spotless, sweet, and clean, and smelt strongly of soap; one could have eaten off the floor, and this pleasing condition continued from then on.

All this sort of thing was absorbing and interesting, and it was the keenest pleasure, as well, to observe the highly satisfactory way in which the entire command was responding to the thorough training which was being given; but personally I did not feel that I was working at the high pressure which I had anticipated and wanted. It became increasingly possible for me, with my motor-cycle side-car, to go into Bordeaux, sometimes during the week with messages or dispatches for the Base Port Headquarters, upon which occasions I always stayed as long as I could there, but more often on Saturday afternoons, when, usually with several other officers, I would put up at an hotel for the night, returning to Camp Souge on Sunday afternoon. Upon one of my first visits I went to a *coiffeur*, to repair the ravages which lapse of time had made in my personal appearance. It was a little shop, with a family atmosphere, presided over by *Madame la patronne*, who sat at her desk by the door. I was duly enveloped in a voluminous sort of winding sheet, and was undergoing a *friction*, and trying to prevent the *coiffeur* from emptying every highly-perfumed lotion in the shop upon my head, when my attention was diverted by a conversation which was being carried on beside me, and I freed the nearest ear from its wrapping of towels to listen. In the next chair was a French Colonel of Infantry, apparently an intimate friend of the management, for *Madame la patronne* had left her stool and was standing beside him in an attitude of absorbed attention. It transpired from the conversation that the Colonel had had two sons killed in the War, and the third had recently been captured by the Boche. Madame had come over to inquire if there were any news of him. No, there was none. The Colonel's voice sounded tired and broken as he described his anxiety and his grief. It became firmer and more vehement as he animadverted upon the Boche in general, and upon several *sale* qualities which they possessed in particular, in which Madame most heartily concurred with increasingly rapid interjections. Finally, in a resounding voice, he exclaimed, "But, with the help of our friends, the brave Americans, we shall beat them yet!", and, swathed as he was in towels and sheets, and with lather on his face, he got down out of his chair and advanced towards me with his hand outstretched. I rose to the occasion, and, removing the towels from my head, descended to the floor, and grasping his hand, assured him that we were going to do our best, and that such very sad and painful experiences as I had just had the privilege of hearing him relate, only made us all the more determined, and that we were happy to be here with the French, whose courage we so greatly admired. At all events, that was what I intended, and tried, to say; what actually was said, is another matter. Fortunately for me, we had quite an audience by this time, as we were surrounded by the entire personnel of the shop, while a couple of friends had come in from the street as well; and they were all commenting favourably upon the proceedings at the same time, which had the effect of somewhat obscuring my remarks. It must have been an extraordinary sight—we two, swathed in towels and trimmings, with our right hands clasped, each with his left hand on the other's

shoulder. I have laughed about it often since, but never without a tug at the heart at the same time. That splendid Colonel was so typical of the best of France,—of all that she had been willing to offer, of all that she had endured, of all that she was ready and willing still to give, of her brave and indomitable spirit, of her gratitude to us for coming when she was so hard-pressed, we, who had come so late!

A Captain, a great friend of mine whom I had known for years in New York, and I, discovered simultaneously that our uniforms were commencing to show signs of wear and hard usage. We decided that it would be the part of wisdom, in view of the fact that we were near a large city where such work was possible, for each of us to have a spare uniform made for use later on. Accordingly, we repaired together the following Saturday afternoon to Bordeaux, and found a tailor with quite an impressive establishment on one of the principal streets. Upon entering, however, the usual state of affairs presented itself; the proprietor and all his male assistants, being of military age, were at the front, and the business was being conducted in his absence by his wife and her sister, assisted by one old man who was both cutter and fitter. Nothing daunted by this, in fact all the more resolved in view of the circumstances to give them a helping order, we examined cloths, which were of excellent quality. While measurements were being taken, the conversation became quite general. From where, from what part of the United States, were we? Were we always of the Army? No? Were we, then, of the draft? No? Ah! then, *engagés volontaires!* And of what ages were we? Did we have families? Enthusiasm was rapidly mounting. Our call began to take on the aspect of an extremely friendly social visit. Two or three friends who looked in were urged to enter, and it was explained to them that these two Americans, far beyond draft age (we began to feel like octogenarians!), with families and dependents, had volunteered to come and help France. Uniforms were about to be ordered; that reminded them, for a moment or two, of the business in hand, and measurements were resumed. But only intermittently; for my friend had to tell them all about his four children, their names and their ages, and to furnish a wealth of other detail in response to rapid questions. We could not have escaped, unless we had been willing to relinquish the idea of new uniforms, which we were not. It was impossible, in the face of this spontaneous, warm-hearted interest, to be either hasty or abrupt. There we were, and there we remained for some time, until at last our orders were completed and arrangements had been made for fittings. Finally we effected our departure, surrounded by beaming, kindly, smiling faces, and followed by good wishes called to us from the doorway. We were old friends from then on; and we were sorry that our own lack of time and the very efficient tailoring that was done, made our later visits fewer than we could have wished.

Signs of mourning were everywhere in Bordeaux, in the streets, in the shops, above all in the churches; four out of every five of the people that one met were in black. It was heartrending, until we remembered, and took consolation from the fact, that all this was, perhaps, less significant than it would have been at home. Always, over there, even "in-laws" and remote cousins have gone into

streamers and things that look like widow's weeds, when a family connection has died. Nevertheless, it told the story of the toll which almost four years of war had taken; of all that France had endured. It was in the churches that one realized this most vividly, for there one would find gathered the real mourners, the brokenhearted who had come to be healed. I spent all the time I could in the Cathedral at Bordeaux, and I loved the place, because it was real, particularly the Lady Chapel behind the High Altar. For there, in the half-light, were gathered together those who had come to pray in secret, perhaps to weep in secret: old women and young girls, come to lay for a time all that they were carrying at the foot of the Cross, before they took it up again and went bravely on; soldiers *en permission*, leaving soon to go back to the lines, there to commend anew to Divine watchfulness and care those whom they were to leave behind, to gain for themselves new courage and fresh strength; children to light a candle, and to say a prayer for the soul of, perhaps, a father, before they went out again to responsibilities far beyond their years, which they knew would be crushing without this help. The angels seemed to be thick in that place, left there, stationed there, because of real prayers. The atmosphere was alive; it must have made it easy for Him to be present. Those people *knew* that He was present. Faces, drawn and tired and stained with tears, were luminous and shining, as one after another rose from their knees and walked quietly away. One realized, at such times, all that France had endured. But one realized, too, all that France could still endure, all of the fighting force and driving power still latent in a people who had such faith and such devotion, to whom the unseen world was so forceful and so living a reality.

It is commonly believed in the Army, and it is true, that association with horses and mules has the peculiar effect of breaking down all reserves of language, and of inducing in hitherto blameless individuals a freedom in conversation, and an indulgence in continuous swearing, that becomes startling as that association continues. When men of all kinds live together under conditions such as obtain in the Army in war-time, it is inevitable that blasphemy should be almost universal. The bars are down and the restraints of ordinary living conditions are absent, and it was not our horses and mules alone which were responsible for these expressions in our men, for many of them were fluent enough at the start of their military careers. Nor was such talk confined to the enlisted men; that sort of thing is catching, and officers were by no means blameless in this respect. While at Camp Souge I received a letter from a friend in the Movement, in which he said: "I was thinking the other day about the swearing, regretting it. I have been reading that the English troops in particular hardly open their mouths without blaspheming. But then I realized that by using the name of Jesus as they do, as an expletive, as emphasis,—they unconsciously do Him honour, because it's the biggest and most 'meaningful' word they know. It is a recognition of His supremacy, of His greatness. One would wish for something better, and for real recognition. But in any case they cannot ignore Him." I wrote my friend in reply, and told him that I must, without realizing it, have sensed something of what he had expressed in his letter; that always I had felt that

unrestrained blasphemy was an unconscious evocation of a tremendous force, called forth and turned loose as it were, a power for good or for evil depending upon the conditions and circumstances. I told him that, since I had been in the Army, I had trained myself, whenever men blasphemed, whenever a sacred name was so spoken, instinctively to bow my head and to repeat that name inwardly, as an act of devotion, of atonement, of extenuation, because I felt sure that in some way this act of mine would not only counteract the potential evil in what had been said, but would turn it into a constructive force, into something which could be actually used in the inner world. Later in that summer my friend replied,—"Certainly, whenever you do as you say about misuse of sacred names, —that in itself would nullify the wrong done. It is one of the things that impresses me most about 'the Providence of God': the way He uses evil, not only for the increase of good, but as a way, through others, to convert evil." This confirmation was a great help. Had I needed other assurance of the power that is unleashed through blasphemy, I could have found it in its effect upon those men. Always it was as if virtue had gone out of them, as if a void were left within, which had to be filled again.

Sometimes we would vary our week-ends by engaging a private motor, which it was not easy to do in France in war-time, as there were very few private cars which had not been requisitioned for military purposes, and there were restrictions upon the use of petrol; but we were able to manage it occasionally, and motored through the country around Bordeaux, either to some little village set in the vine-covered hills, or to some resort on the coast. The coast resorts were later put "off bounds", because of the suspected presence in them of German spies, who were anxious to find out all about the American units training in the south of France. We spent one delightful afternoon, visiting an artillery regiment of another Division which was billeted in the country south of Bordeaux, waiting until we had left to move into our Camp. The officers were quartered in a château, owned by a French Countess of Irish birth; she entertained us at tea under the trees on the lawn, and talked charmingly to us, a mixture of French and English, in the use of which last she was quite rusty, and with a delightful brogue! But while this kind of thing was all very pleasant, it was not getting on with the War. We did it because we had the time, and because we needed some relief from the monotony of Camp; but we began to long for the everlasting training to be completed, and to get to the front. This feeling was accentuated by the fact that the great American Base Hospitals near Bordeaux began to receive men who had been wounded in the fighting north of Paris; we would meet walking cases, officers, in the streets of the city, and hear from them of the fine showing that the American troops were already making, and of the progress of military events, of which we, of course, were entirely ignorant, remote as we were, and seeing only an occasional newspaper which had been carefully censored.

All this time I had been doing a good deal of serious thinking about my own military future. I had definitely reached the conclusion, as I have said, that the Ammunition Train was neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring, and that to stay in it, once I had gained a certain amount of military background and experience,

would simply mean doing hard work at the beck and call of all the other combat units in the Division, without having any opportunity of really knowing what was going on. I had been assisted in reaching this conclusion by the fact that the Colonel was beginning to show certain signs of deterioration. The close proximity of Bordeaux, and its accessibility, now that we had at last received the Dodge limousine to which we were entitled, proved too much for him, and he spent a great deal too much of his time in the cafés and hotels in the city. An order had come through from General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, requiring all regimental commanders to report the names of officers considered qualified for assignment as battalion commanders, and the Colonel had sent my name forward with three others, recommending me for promotion. Good enough, as far as it went. While we were at Camp Souge, the Colonel had been advanced to a full Colonel, and one day, shortly after his promotion, he called me in and told me that he had been informed that the promotion of colonels in France was proceeding quite rapidly, and that he had reason to believe that it would not be long before he received his star as a Brigadier General; that then he would be given an Infantry Brigade; that when that happened he would be in a position to move things about as he wanted, and that he intended then to have me promoted to Major and to make me his Brigade Adjutant. Of course, I thanked him warmly for his kindness and expressed my delight at the prospect. But I decided on the spot that, if I was going to hitch my wagon to a star, it was not going to be his star. It would have been one thing to have commanded an Infantry Battalion under him as Colonel, as he had suggested at Camp Upton, for he would have been restricted to some extent by his Brigade Commander, and he would have relied largely upon the judgment of his picked Battalion Commanders, just as he had always relied upon certain officers in the Ammunition Train. But to run an Infantry Brigade under his direction was quite another proposition. I realized that he did not know enough about modern Infantry warfare to hold down the job, and that I did not either, —after spending ten months, during which I ought to have been acquiring experience as an Infantry officer, in helping him to run an Ammunition Train. If things went right with his Infantry Brigade, he would get the credit; if, however, they went wrong, as they certainly would, I should get the blame, and then I should be sent back to the rear areas for re-classification, and given a job counting crates on a wharf at some Base Port for the duration of the War! I got quite worked up over this agreeable picture! However, things seemed to be on the move again, and the whole current of events was clearly setting away from the Ammunition Train, which was wholly to the good.

Things moved still further shortly afterwards. Another order came through from General Headquarters, requiring regimental commanders to submit the names of all officers in their commands qualified for Staff positions. This seemed to present the opportunity for which I had been looking. I showed the order to the Colonel, and asked him whether he thought I was qualified, and, if so, whether he would recommend me. Somewhat to my surprise, he received the idea with real enthusiasm, and not only sent my name forward, via Headquarters

77th Division, but wrote as well a personal letter to the Chief of Staff of the Division on my behalf. He also wrote personal letters about me to the Division Judge Advocate and to the Assistant to the Division Chief of Staff, enclosing copies of the letter which he had sent to the Chief of Staff himself. He could not have been more complete in his effort for me or more generous in what he said, and I began to be sorry for some of the rather harsh judgments which I had been forming, and to dwell again upon his amiable qualities, which were many. I was elated over all this, and felt that as a result something was really going to happen. It did; but I was not to know it for three weeks, not until after we had joined up with the rest of the Division in the sector at Baccarat in the Vosges.

Our time at Camp Souge was drawing to a close, and we began to arrange things with a view to an early departure for the front. On the Fourth of July, our 152d Field Artillery Brigade paraded in Bordeaux, as infantry and without their guns, which would have been difficult to move into and out of the city, and in the circumstances they made a very good showing. I viewed the proceedings with the Colonel from the reviewing stand, and several French officers and their wives made very kind and gratifying remarks about our march past. Immediately thereafter we started inspections again, and repaired any slight deficiencies in equipment, and were ready to move several days before our orders came. Soon our artillery regiments entrained, one by one, and departed; as usual, we were the last to go. We sent off first our motor trucks, which proceeded by road in two convoys, in command of the two ranking captains. Our animals and materiel took up a great deal of space, so that when the balance of the command was finally entrained, five sections of about sixty cars each were needed, each section, as before, having its commanding officer and a carefully organized staff to assist him. Again the Colonel and I travelled in the last section. We were waiting to pull out of the station in Bordeaux, on the 13th of July, and were bemoaning the fact that again we had drawn a perfectly terrible old railway carriage, when we happened to see on a siding near by a fine modern carriage; we at once investigated its interior, and found that it had staterooms and a shower-bath. We decided to travel in it, and sent for the Chef de Gare. He told us at some length that it would be perfectly impossible to change the cars; but he changed his mind, and the cars too, for a financial consideration, and we finally pulled out in the highest spirits. It had taken a long while to get to the front, but we were bound there at last.

CENTURION.

(To be continued)

TWO ANCIENT RECORDS

AS far back as we can grope our way in the history of earliest Egypt, we come upon records (often, alas, mere fragments), which tell us of the appearances from time to time, in the world of men, of great Beings from higher spheres. Sometimes the account concerns a tradition only—a tradition brought over from the far past; again it is a detailed description of an event, written shortly after it had taken place, telling us in glowing, living words just what had happened. Usually, though not always, the great "Shining Ones" appeared in moments of impending national danger, or when some important national decision was about to be made; usually also, it was to the reigning Pharaoh that they revealed themselves, though simple peasants, pious and devout, were occasionally vouchsafed a heavenly vision. In those wonderful days, the Lodge was very near to earth, and men's hearts were so attuned that the Masters could easily be evoked; and in the late dynasties, when written records were so numerous (we might almost say endless), we are continually coming upon allusions to the appearance or command or intervention of one of "the gods"—one of the Masters as we should now express it.[1]

Thus Hatshepsut, the great Queen of the XVIIIth Dynasty, tells us of conversations with her "god" when she enters the sanctuary of the beautiful, colonnaded temple which she had built for him, close under the towering, rugged cliffs which, on the Lybian side, bound the vast plain of Thebes. She tells us of the great temple garden which she had laid out and beautified with sunny terraces of myrrh trees, brought for the purpose from the distant land of Punt—"just as he commanded me"; and she adds, with a graphic touch: "It is large for him, he walks abroad in it."

One of the most celebrated and detailed of these ancient records (though Egyptologists invariably seem to regard it as merely fiction) is on a votive stela erected by Thothmes IV, immortalizing an experience which had come to him when a young prince, long before he ascended the throne. It was an appearance of the god Ra-Horakhti, close beside the sphinx—the sphinx which had been consecrated to him from of old; the sphinx which already, even in the time of Thothmes IV, was half buried under the drifting desert sands. This vision occurred in the full light, the blinding noon sunshine of an Egyptian day, yet the light of the god as he stood there was so powerful that it dissipated the rays of the sun, as the radiant splendour of dawn will scatter the dark shadows of night. Tradition tells us that the Sun-god had already been seen (though at long intervals), in this same place, which was a likely one for such visions, being holy ground, set apart, sacred to Ra-Horakhti himself. The huge red granite commemorative stela still stands on the very spot where the vision was seen, directly in front of the sphinx, between the gigantic forepaws; and although the

[1] The translations of the texts used here, are those of Maspero or of Breasted.

inscription, recording the event, is now so badly damaged that at least a third of the narrative is lost, what has been preserved bears the unmistakable stamp of reality and truth.

Thothmes IV was the son of Amenhotep II, of the XVIIIth Dynasty, and he lived, roughly speaking, about 1430 B.C. He was not the heir-apparent at the time of the vision, although later, owing to several deaths among his brothers, he became King. As a boy he was headstrong, adventurous and brave; he was much beloved by the entire army because of this, and he gave promise of some of the remarkable physical strength for which his father, Amenhotep II, was so celebrated. Devoted to the chase as to all other manly sports, he was often seen racing across the desert sands in headlong pursuit of game, outstripping all his attendants; he was not easily held in leash. The story on the stela runs as follows:

When Thothmes was still quite a youth, "Behold he did a thing that gave him pleasure, upon the highlands of the Memphite nome, upon its southern and northern road, shooting at a target with copper bolts, hunting lions and wild goats, coursing in his chariot, his horses being swifter than the wind; together with two of his followers, while not a soul knew it." And toward midday, when the heat became overpowering, he halted in his sport for the purpose "of giving rest to his followers", and he himself, as was his wont on such occasions, retired into the cool shade "at the shoulder of Horakhti—he rested in the shadow of the great god", and there he fell asleep. Then "a vision seized him at the hour when the sun was in the zenith", and Thothmes heard, close beside him, the voice of Ra-Horakhti, "speaking with his own mouth, as a Father speaks to his son, saying: 'Behold thou me! See thou me! my son Thothmes. I am thy Father who will give thee my kingdom on earth at the head of the living.' " As the boy lay there, intently listening, he must have been startled by this prophecy, for at that time he had no royal expectations whatsoever. But the heavenly voice continued, giving definite counsel for the future, telling him what was expected of him when at last he sat upon the throne. The god's command was, of course, couched in allegorical form, as was always the case—he spoke of Egypt's need as he would speak of his own. "Thou shalt be to me a protector, for it is as though I were ailing in all my limbs. The sand of the desert upon which I am, has reached me; turn to me to have that done which I desire, knowing that thou art my son, my protector." Egypt had slipped away from the ancient ideals upon which she had been founded; already she was buried under an accumulation, centuries old, of ever-increasing materialism, piling up in mountainous drifts like the encroaching sands. She must be saved, unearthed, set free to serve the gods, the Lodge, as in days of yore, and the young Prince Thothmes was the one chosen by the gods to attempt this gigantic task. A promise of heavenly assistance was quick to follow: "Behold I am with thee, I am thy leader", Thothmes is assured. The narrative then concludes: "When he [Horakhti] had finished speaking, the King's son awoke; he understood the words which the great one had spoken, and he kept them secret in his heart." But he hurried home to make a vow in the temple that if ever he

became Pharaoh he would remember and be true to his vision. He did become King, but unfortunately he did not live long enough to accomplish all that had been hoped. There can be no doubt, however, that the effort to clear Egypt of that which was engulfing her, was definitely and consciously carried on by some of the Pharaohs who followed, not so much perhaps by Amenhotep III, the son of Thothmes, but certainly by Akhenaton his grandson, whose religious revolution was one of the greatest protests against the lowering of ideals that Egypt ever saw.

For more than a century the fight went on, with varying success, few of the Pharaohs who followed being of the calibre to make much headway against the growing evil. In most cases each regarded his own glory as of more importance than the glory of Egypt; the old-time singleness of purpose had passed away. Of course, there are records of the appearance and intervention of the gods during this interval, but most of these records are rather academic, and do not carry the hall-mark of actual experience. Then, with Rameses the Great (1292-1225 B.C.), we come upon the last whole-hearted and sustained effort to save Egypt from her approaching fate, and had a few more men of his stamp succeeded him on the throne, the course of Egypt's history would undoubtedly have been much altered.

Rameses II came to the throne when still a very young man, and from the first, his warrior qualities, his power, his force, manifested themselves, and his long reign had hardly begun when he, carried along on the tide of his fiery impetuosity, hurled himself upon the Hittites who were swarming in the north-Syrian provinces, threatening to creep still farther south. The Battle of Kadesh on the banks of the Orontes, is one of the great battles of the world, the *first* of the world's great battles of which we have any tactical details, and, thanks to the records, we can follow the disposition of both armies all through it. We owe our information to what is known as the "Poem of Pentaur"—a poem in rhymed strophes, very long and full of minutest particulars. Whoever the true author of this poem was (for Pentaur was only the scribe who did the copying), he must have been present during the entire campaign or have heard all about it from Pharaoh himself, for even after the lapse of thirty centuries, this epic is still vibrant with life. Briefly, the events immortalized in it were as follows:

Toward the end of April, 1288 B.C., Rameses started north with an army of veterans—approximately 20,000 men. This was composed of four divisions: of Amon, Ra, Ptah and Sutekh. Pharaoh, at the head of his troops, led the way in his glittering chariot of electrum, followed at a short distance by the division of Amon which was under his immediate command. The other divisions marched in the order given, with about four miles between them. This long line of troops (a large army for that day), pressed steadily to the north, sometimes along the Phœnician coast road, sometimes turning inland, and after a march of about a month, the Egyptians reached the east bank of the upper Orontes—"the heights to the south of Kadesh"—looking all the while for the enemy, but failing to find any trace of him. Here they encamped.

Kadesh, of great strategic importance, and then a garrison town of the Hittites, was perched high above the valley of the Orontes, a fortress on a hilltop. The banks of the river were both precipitous and lofty, and there was only one narrow passage along which the Egyptian army, foot soldiers and chariots, could pass, mostly in single file. It was therefore impossible to see the Hittite forces which were waiting silently and expectantly on the plain beyond Kadesh —the Pharaoh was in total ignorance of their whereabouts. He commanded his officers to discover the position of the enemy, which they evidently failed to do, reporting that, in terror at his approach, the Hittites had retreated to Aleppo. Rameses was further misled by false information given him by two make-believe deserters, sent out by order of the Hittite King for this express purpose, and, believing himself to be in complete control of the situation and with a misplaced sense of security, he rashly pushed on the next day, crossed the river by the ford at Shabtuna, passed through the Forest of Bay on the left bank, and far outstripping the main body of his army, and supported only by his bodyguard, took up an advanced position on the plain to the north-west of Kadesh, hoping thus to cut off all lines of communication between the town and the enemy—the enemy which he thought to be a hundred miles away to the north. He was followed at some distance by the division of Amon; the three other divisions (that of Ra in the van), came on at a slower pace with about four miles distance between them.

The King's sense of security does not, however, last very long for, in his advance camp, "his majesty sitting in his tent upon his golden throne, surrounded by his staff", there arrives "a scout belonging to the service of his majesty, bringing with him two captured enemy scouts". These being cross-examined by the young King himself (so eager is he to learn, at first hand, the truth of the situation), they tell him that, as a matter of fact, the Hittites "together with many other countries", are only a few miles away. "See, they are standing, drawn up for battle just behind Kadesh. . . . They are like the multitudes of the sands; they cover the valleys and mountains like grasshoppers."

This terrible news "fills the King's tent with consternation", and Rameses in a towering rage, turns upon his officers: "Look you, how ye have acted! Ye have told Pharaoh that the enemy was in the land of Aleppo—that he had fled before my majesty on learning of his approach! And this is what I hear, at this hour, from these scouts—that the enemy has come with men and horses as numerous as the sands, and that he is drawn up behind Kadesh the Perfidious. And my officers knew naught of it!" Then the officers, cowed and terrified, begin to make excuses, putting the blame on others, but they are indignantly cut short; there is not a moment to waste, and the Vizier is ordered to send a messenger south, with the utmost speed, in order to hasten the arrival of the rest of his majesty's forces. On the temple reliefs (in Thebes) which illustrate the Battle of Kadesh, a lonely horseman is seen at break-neck gallop, going in search of the divisions which are still in the rear, and shouting as he hails them: "Forward! Forward! Pharaoh your master is attacked!"

While Rameses, in the royal tent, is holding his council of war, the division

of Amon comes up, and starts to encamp around the King, but the Hittites, no doubt knowing all about what is going on, and realizing that their moment for action has arrived, manœuvre their chariotry around Kadesh to the east, so that they still remain entirely hidden from the Egyptians—hidden behind the hill on which Kadesh stands. Here, on the right bank of the Orontes, at the ford a little to the south of the town, the Hittite chariots are massed for the attack, and when the division of Ra is seen, on the left bank, emerging from the Forest of Bay, 2,500 Hittite chariots, with three men in each, suddenly come thundering across the shallow ford of the river and, like a whirlwind, fall upon the right flank of the Egyptians "and cut in two the division of Ra, marching all unconscious and quite unable to reform its ranks". The fugitive Egyptians, driven like autumn leaves before an on-rushing storm (the Hittite chariots in hot pursuit), tumble headlong into the totally unprepared advance camp, the result being frightful confusion, and a scattering to all sides of the force already gathered there. Rameses in his tent, sees his defeated army fleeing past in wildest disorder and dismay; he makes a desperate attempt to stay the rout but is not heeded because his army has, for the moment, gone mad with fear. His officers (perhaps in an effort to stem the tide of retreat—perhaps to save themselves!), rush out of the royal presence, and the King sees the extended wings of the enemy close around him—he is completely isolated, unattended, solitary. All these changes have come about like the stroke of a hammer, and we can only wonder that Rameses is not cut to pieces or, far worse, taken prisoner then and there. One thing, however, saves the situation: when the Hittites realize that they are actually in Pharaoh's camp, they think only of plunder, and give themselves up to it riotously. Thus the King has time to re-adjust himself and to act.

It is at this point that Rameses, seeing the desperate if not utterly hopeless situation that he is in, turns to his god and, in a loud voice which "echoes as far as distant Thebes", invokes him imperiously, with a touch of reproach in his words: "Who art thou then, my Father? A Father forgetful of his son? I call upon Thee, O my Father! Behold me here in the midst of peoples so numerous that no man knoweth who are the nations leagued against me, and I am all alone! None other is with me! My numerous soldiers have deserted me, none of my chariot-fighters hath regarded me when I have called upon them; not one of them hath heard my voice when I cried to them. But I know that my Father is more to me than a million soldiers, than a hundred thousand chariots, than a myriad brothers or young sons; for numbers of men count for naught, but my Father prevaileth against them."

The deafening noise of the conflict is going on all around him: the clash of arms, the thunder of the horses' feet as they sweep past, the shouts of the victors, the cries of the wounded and dying. But he is not listening to these. His ear is trained on sounds not of this world; he is listening intently for the answer to his call. He hears it—just behind him, we are told—and wheeling sharply he sees his god, in the guise of Amon-Ra, standing there in a flood of light, and in full battle array: crested with tall plumes, the Sun-disc blazing on his fore-

head, one arm raised high above his head, the hand grasping the curved sword of the Egyptian warrior, the other hand stretched out to Rameses, while he "utters a cry of joy" at the sight of the young King, forsaken but undaunted: "See me here face to face with thee, Rameses Meriamon (my beloved!). I am with thee! 'Tis I, thy Father! My hand is with thee, and I am worth more to thee than hundreds of thousands. I, the Mighty One, who love valiance—I have recognized a courageous heart, and My heart is satisfied."

Rameses, his momentary uncertainty gone, regains his customary intrepid initiative, and with his own hand (since there is not a soul in attendance), he seizes "his adornments of battle, and arrays himself in his coat of mail . . . he betakes himself to his horses", he goes in search of his own chariot, "being alone by himself" he puts his horses into it with his own royal hands, and without a moment's hesitation, clothed in the radiant power of his god, he charges six times, furiously like a devouring flame, right into the thick of the fight, smiting and slaying to right and left. He strikes such terror into the hearts of the enemy (who think that he is Mentu, the god of war), that they flee for life before him: "His majesty hurled them headlong, one upon another, into the waters of the Orontes", says the chronicle. Having now, by his contagious and irresistible audacity, restored some order to his stunned and demoralized troops, and the division of Ptah having come up, a united charge is made. In one of the reliefs we see the Hittites and their allies struggling in the water, or being dragged out of it by their comrades on the opposite shore; the enemy perished by thousands in wounded, killed or drowned. Then at length, the Hittite King, realizing that night was coming on, and fearing the possible arrival of the missing fourth division—that of Sutekh—retires within the walls of Kadesh, leaving undisputed the field of battle to the Egyptians.

While the "Poem of Pentaur" continues for some time after the events just recorded (for the campaign was not yet completed), Amon does not again appear in the text. We are left to infer his protective, overshadowing presence throughout the rest of the conflict, though he is not himself made visible to us. But Rameses II lived to be a very old man, and his long and illustrious reign was full of war and rumours of war—it was one long fight, his "god" being ever present at his side. When at last the end of his life came and he died, it is not too much to say that the gods seem to have departed with him. There were yet many long centuries in the history of Egypt, but she was slowly dying through all that time; the reign of Rameses the Great marked the last uncompromising stand against the dark powers of evil. Many records have been left to us of those later days; they are, however, mostly of a very inferior quality; almost all lack the living touch which is so striking in the earlier annals. After Rameses II, the great "Shining Ones" seem more and more to have retired from the scenes of men: of the succeeding Pharaohs there was not one spiritually strong enough to call them back, and the twilight of the gods crept slowly over the "Beloved Land".

HETEP-EN-NETER.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

"THE man who loses his nerve, or whose nerves are 'shot to pieces' as a result of prolonged strain or crisis, is invariably a man whose belief in a spiritual world is merely nominal. In any case, that is what my own observation has taught me."

It was the Engineer who volunteered this remark in the course of a conversation in which several of us took part. "I am speaking practically, from my experience in business", he continued, "and do not hesitate to say that almost any kind of a faith, so it be real, is better than none. A man, for instance, faces the possibility, even the probability, of financial ruin, with his wife and children unprovided for; perhaps, in addition, he is responsible for the savings of others, his friends, whose ruin would follow his own. To pretend that this is not a terrible situation, humanly speaking, would be to condemn oneself as heartless and insensible; but what should be the reaction to it? Self-pity? Clearly not. As a matter of fact, while the fight is fast and furious, a man has no time for self-pity; but if, during intervals of pause or rest, he allows a stock of that poison to accumulate, it is almost inevitable that as soon as the crisis is over, or seems to be over, whether for good or ill, he will cave in physically and nervously, as the outer expression of his preceding inner and moral lack."

"But what ought to be his reaction?" someone asked.

"The answer to that must depend upon the nature of his faith, of his convictions. The reaction of a student of Theosophy would not be the same as that of an orthodox Christian, or Mohammedan, or Buddhist, or Christian Scientist; but in any case a taint of self-pity would be fatal—and it is astonishing how rarely self-pity is recognized, not only as an enemy, but as a disgrace. So long as we are mortal, we shall be subject to its attacks; but if we deal with it as we might deal with thoughts admittedly vile, and passionately, or with loathing, expel it,—we shall have turned such 'insults of the devil' (I love that old-time phrase) into a moral victory, and therefore into moral strength."

The questioner was not satisfied. "But if a student of Theosophy", he persisted, "were situated as you have imagined, what ought to be *his* reaction?"

The Engineer laughed. "Again, it 'all depends' ", he said. "It depends upon the individual approach, and especially upon the degree of spiritual insight which the individual possesses. It seems to me, however, that there are certain fundamentals which are common to all 'faiths'. One of these is the conviction (and unless it be a *conviction*, it will be useless) that this life is a bridge, not to be built on, but to be passed over,—to quote one of the sayings attributed to Jesus by the Mohammedans; another is that the invisible world is more real, and infinitely more lasting, than the visible; yet another is that so long as we conscientiously strive to do our duty, as we see it, and in obedience to the divine law, nothing really harmful can happen either to us, or, as a result of our action,

to those we love or would serve. But that is not all, for one of the most important of fundamentals is the conviction that there exists a transcendent *and* indwelling Light, which some would call God, others, the Atma or Higher Self, others, Krishna or Christ, according to the Master or Avatar they recognize,—and that this Light ('the Masters and the inner light are not different', as Judge said),—that this Light is for us the embodiment of wisdom, love, and power,—truly a 'Father in Heaven'.

"Many people say they believe in such things, and perhaps honestly think they do; but, when the test comes, and their nerves get the better of them, what further proof is needed that they have built on sand, instead of on rock? Their faith, so-called, is unreal; they have not given it enough thought, enough attention, from day to day, to turn it into a conviction; they have not put it to the test in advance of their need. If they had, they would have found, from day to day, cause for ceaseless thanksgiving, and then, through times of storm and stress, would have found at least as much cause for it,—instead of an excuse for self-pity, or for inner, ill-concealed trepidation. . . . I repeat: for practical purposes, for stability in times of crisis, for the stamina which lasts through a period of strain and comes through on the other side, serene and smiling,—give me a man with any kind of real faith, and pity the man who has none."

"But surely a man's physical condition has much to do with it!" one of our visitors exclaimed.

"Not in the least", the Engineer answered, uncompromisingly. "I am assuming a nervous, high-strung temperament to begin with. A nerveless man may be able to go through a battle unmoved. I am not talking of such people; nor, as a matter of fact, do I remember having met any. Unsound physical condition may make a man *feel* 'jumpy' and irritable; lack of self-control may result in showing this at times, which is gravely wrong (most of us, alas, must plead guilty); but that is not the point. The point is: to what centre does a man react,—to one of stillness or of turmoil? Does he automatically revert to something above and greater than his worries, which (or who) sees the causes of his worries more truly than he can, helping him to extract the sting of self from them; or, for lack of the conviction that the 'above and greater than' himself exists, and that it is his heart's home, does he remain on the level of his worries, and merely try to divert his thoughts by reading a novel, by going to 'the pictures', or by similar means? The truth is that in hours of difficulty or danger, many a bed-ridden man or woman, with real faith, has been the moral support of all the able-bodied people within reach. Physical ill-health, instead of being an obstacle to the inner poise of which I speak, has often helped to establish it,—the need for support from within, tending to turn the attention and desire toward the world from which it flows. 'Demand creates supply', let us remember; but let us also remember that the supply of anything worth while takes time—that rocks are not created in a day—and that a sudden howl to heaven from a man who finds himself in a hole, cannot possibly give him that which only years of thought, of meditation, of prayer, of *experience*, can make immovable. To begin now, is the moral of it."

"What you have been saying," remarked the Historian, "is strikingly in line with some recent observations by General Weygand, one of the greatest soldiers the Great War brought to the front,—a man as remarkable for his personal disinterestedness and humility, as for his force and military genius. Interviewed a few weeks ago, on the eve of his retirement as Commander-in-Chief of the French armies, he was asked what he thought of the epoch through which we are living. This was his reply:

> It is rather disquieting. There are many people who are intelligent, many who have talent. That is perhaps the worst of it, for they lead public opinion, and the intellectuals of to-day turn all their intelligence into 'research'. Their whole life is an investigation, and the result, in a single word, is *doubt*. Now it is perhaps interesting to doubt; I believe, even, that it is useful for a country to have some who do the doubting. But not too many. If everyone doubts, the country suffers from it, terribly.

"The editor of the paper in which I found this interview quoted, comments that many of these so-called intellectuals spread their plague of doubt over everything: is there any foundation in reason, they ask, for morality, for patriotism, for self-sacrifice, for honour, for government, for believing, even, that man really exists, or for believing in the past, or the future? This attitude percolates down to the man-in-the-street who, with a minimum of understanding, takes it for justification of anarchy, both inner and outer.

"Weygand's statement of conditions is very temperate, but he evidently realizes that the lack of inner conviction, lack of faith—*doubt*—is one of the major contributing factors in the decay of the modern State, just as the same lack deprives the individual of inner coherence and poise,—with the result of which you were speaking: loss of nerve or of nervous control, in times of real trial and trouble."

"I am wondering", said the Student at this point, "whether a man who was completely masculine, would go to pieces at such times, even though devoid of faith. My reason is that self-pity seems to me to be foreign to the truly masculine temperament, and I believe, as the Engineer seems to believe, that self-pity is the undermining factor in nervous collapse."

"First find your man who is completely masculine", laughed the Historian. "There have been such men; doubtless there still are (I am not speaking of members of the Lodge who combine *all* the qualities in balanced perfection); but you will agree, I think, that most of us, in this Age of Kali, are very far from being one hundred per cent anything, and that we simply must have an antidote within us if we are to survive the attacks of our own inherent weaknesses. In other words, we must have some sort of faith, as the Engineer concluded."

"I have been thinking of self-pity in another connection also", the Engineer now resumed; "that is, of the predominant part it plays in mourning for the dead. There are exceptions always. I have known of people who suffered agonies of remorse on the death of a relative or friend, blaming themselves bitterly, sometimes with reason, sometimes with none, for their sins of omission or commission where he had been concerned; and this was perhaps accompanied by unspeakable regret that it was now too late, or seemed to be, to atone, or to

tell him of their repentance. I can respect that, though personally I believe we can tell him of our repentance just as easily after he is 'dead', as before. It certainly does not follow that because we cannot hear him, he cannot hear us. On the contrary, I am afraid that in many cases the so-called dead, for some time following their departure from this world, remain closely in contact with it, and are deeply distressed by the grief of those they have left on earth, whom they strive vainly to reassure and to console. What I cannot respect is the attitude of those who declare their belief in a future life, and that it is a state of 'refreshment and rest'; who declare, further, that they have nothing with which seriously to reproach themselves in their past behaviour to the dead, and who, none the less, grieve as those only have a right to grieve who believe that death is the end of life, the end of mutual love, the end of all things. I cannot respect their feeling because, quite obviously, it is one of self-pity, and although none of us, at such times, can hope to rise above it entirely, we might at least have the grace to be ashamed of our weakness, instead of regarding it as a virtue or merit, as so many people seem to do. We should brace ourselves against it; not give in to it; and we should force ourselves, as soon as possible, not only to think but to speak of our dead, lovingly, cheerfully, as we might speak of those who have preceded us on a journey, and whose welcome when we join them is, as it were, just round the corner."

"Self-pity doubtless accounts for a great deal", the Philosopher commented, "but I think there is an even more childish element involved in the behaviour of many people who are supposed to be mourning their dead; that is, self-importance,—the desire to feel important, and to be recognized as important by others. Part of what we mean when we describe a person as common (very different from being vulgar) is that he is undeveloped, elementary, childish; and we know the lengths to which many small boys will go in their efforts to appear important in the eyes of their fellows. 'My father is dead', will be announced with more sense of importance than if the same small boy had won a prize at school. I remember, on one occasion, over-hearing such an announcement met with the counter-blast, 'That ain't nothing; I lost me father an' mother an' four brothers an' three sisters'. 'Liar', shouted the other boy, 'I seen your father this morning.' They tried to settle it with blows, but I did not wait for the decision. I do not think we allow sufficiently for the fact that the large majority of people, including numbers who ought to know better, never outgrow such childishness. We make the fatal mistake, all the time, of treating human appearances as human beings, when the truth is they are elementals, harmless perhaps, but entirely devoid of soul. The mental processes of the average man (incidentally, of ninety per cent of our voting population) are so primitive, so fantastically inconsequential and infantile, so utterly unrelated to truth in any form; his motives are so unblushingly those of a six-year-old boy,—that it should be easy to understand why a country like ours is in the condition of a nursery full of children, peevish, quarrelsome, noisy, miserable, without Elders to look after them, and without sense enough even to wish that Elders would look after them."

"But we were talking about death", complained one of our visitors, "and I wanted to ask a question."

"I did not change the subject!" the Philosopher smiled; "I enlarged upon it. What was your question?"

"Do you believe in wearing mourning?" "Certainly I do", was the reply. "It is a very convenient way of saying, 'Not at home'. Also it may be regarded as a symbol of respect for the dead. But the wearing of mourning is a matter of race, religion, class, period. There can be no universal or absolute rule."

"The subject of death bores me", the Sceptic suddenly interposed; "and you will bore your readers. Some of us are interested in Life; most of us are interested in how to get something for nothing, living or dead."

The Philosopher took him up instantly. "But death is as much a prolongation of life, as night is a prolongation of day", he said. "Either for that reason, or from an intense desire to postpone 'the end', the more interested you are in life, the greater should be your interest in death. It is a fascinating subject, I assure you."

"Is that why you want to talk about it? Rather sudden, isn't it?"

"No", said the Philosopher, "not sudden. I am manifesting Cyclic Law! Periodically—every ten years or so—I read some books on Spiritualism, just to see how it is getting along; if it is learning anything; and I have just finished the latest output. There was a noticeable revival of Spiritualism in England and her Colonies, following the Great War, just as there was in America after the Civil War. Innumerable sons, brothers, husbands, had been cut off in their prime, and those who loved them, longed for definite assurance of their survival. Too often, the consolation of the Churches was very vague, very uncertain,—while, in many cases, the War itself had shattered what had been a merely nominal faith; so grief, or distress, resulted in a rush to séances, the demand of course creating a supply. A somewhat later result was the publication of books, giving evidence of survival, some of it really striking, but all of it, without exception, tending to confirm the theosophical explanation of such phenomena, and, above all, to justify H.P.B's. repeated warnings against participation in what is fundamentally unwholesome, dangerous and wrong. I went to a séance once, more than thirty years ago, and could not be hired to go to another, though I saw things then which I still believe to have been genuine, and which were certainly very remarkable."

This was too much for the Sceptic, whose curiosity—like that of all sceptics—is highly developed.

"What did you see?" he asked.

But the Philosopher was not easily diverted. "I have decided to talk about Death," he said, "and what I saw were phenomena not primarily intended to throw light on the problem of survival; primarily they were exhibitions of what, if I remember rightly, used to be called *apport*,—the transportation of physical objects, from a distance, through matter, by invisible means."

This made things worse instead of better, and the Philosopher quickly realized that the more important matters he wanted to discuss would receive no attention,

from the Sceptic in any case, until the *apport* business had been described—and side-tracked. After saying something to this effect, jokingly, he continued:

"I was in one of the big cities of Australia, where I happened to meet the American Vice-Consul, a man of some wealth, and brother of a man whose name was as well and as favourably known on the West Coast of our continent as the name of Brown is known in Rhode Island. My new acquaintance told me that he had visited Australia, on business, some forty years earlier, intending to remain there only a few weeks, but he had been so terribly sea-sick during the voyage, that nothing could have induced him to face such an ordeal again; so there he was, an old bachelor, in a comfortable home, with hobbies to keep him occupied and happy. He was a naturalist, and besides a large aviary, had formed remarkable collections of botanical and geological specimens. But his chief hobby was Spiritualism, though he did not mention this until he had met me several times and had made sure I was 'open-minded'. He then explained that after long search and experiment, he had found a most satisfactory medium, a man, whom he had every reason to believe was honest, and whom he had taken into his exclusive employment. He had conducted séances with this medium for several years before my arrival on the scene, with what he regarded as excellent results. In the first place, he had complete command of the situation, as the séances were held invariably in his own home, with no one present except his personal friends, and with ample opportunity to search the medium and to take every other precaution against fraud. In the second place, he had become able, in the course of time, to use his medium as a collector of botanical and other specimens. The explanation was this: one of the medium's 'controls' was said to be an Indian yogi, a 'wonder-worker' in his own right as it were. My friend would request this control to bring him, at their next meeting, a botanical specimen from the Andes or Himalayas, or from some equally remote region. As the 'control' appeared to know very little English and no Latin, it was often exceedingly difficult to make him understand the nature and appearance of the plant desired. On many occasions, wrong specimens would at first be brought, but my friend assured me that almost without exception, as the reward of persistence, the right one would at last be produced,—always a growing plant, with earth clinging to the roots. He had been careful, he said, to ask for plants which he had ascertained previously were not to be found in any of the Australian botanical gardens, so that, in his opinion, the 'test' he had devised was conclusive proof of the genuineness of the phenomenon. I asked him if birds or fish or other creatures had been brought in the same way, to which he replied in the affirmative, adding that as this had proved exhausting to the medium, he had very rarely requested it. Finally he invited me to attend one of his séances. I did so. The few other people present were strangers to me,—ordinary, respectable. There was no suggestion of a religious purpose or atmosphere, though I am told that at some séances, these are cultivated. The medium seemed to me anæmic, negative, timid,—a man of about thirty. The room was darkened, although I could still dimly see the forms of other 'sitters'. The 'control' soon took possession. He talked English badly, like an uneducated native of British India

(I was familiar with their 'lingo'). He appeared to be a typical, low-caste wonder-worker, hugely pleased with his importance, chuckling with delight at his own performances. I was more interested in him than in what he did. It seemed incredible that this 'control' could be a sub-conscious 'layer' of the medium's personality; I was much more inclined to believe that he actually was a Hindu, as he said: but was he a disincarnated 'spook', or was he the 'astral' of an incarnated, embryonic black magician? The atmosphere was detestable.

"To his outstanding performance, because heralded some minutes in advance, I gave my fullest attention: he announced that he would produce a live fish, taken straight from the ocean,—and all I can say is that I suddenly saw a fish, about fourteen inches long, curved like a bow, enveloped in water, dropping onto the table from about three feet above it. The water was phosphorescent, making the fish clearly visible as it fell with a loud thud, the water splashing the sitters, myself included. The fish flopped and flapped around, while the 'control' showed childish but impish glee at our momentary discomfiture. This ended the séance. Our host examined the fish, which he named as from tropical seas, and then removed it, in the matter-of-fact way of a collector, and as if fish fell around like that with the naturalness of rain."

"Could not the fish have been brought in a waterproof bag, concealed by the medium?" someone asked.

"I can guarantee nothing", the Philosopher answered. "I did not examine the medium. My host assured me that he invariably did so, as a matter of principle, as well as for his own satisfaction. Let me say, however, that it was a very lively fish—heavy too—and that, so far as I can see, it would certainly have struggled against confinement in a bag with water in it, and that this would have made a good deal of noise during the three-quarters of an hour preceding its release. There was no such noise."

"What is your explanation?" asked the Sceptic, sternly.

The Philosopher laughed. "I leave that to you", he said. "I can vouch for what I saw; no more. But the experience did not leave me with a desire to investigate further; it tended, on the contrary, to confirm, like all my reading on the subject, the warnings and explanations of H.P.B.

"In brief, if you want to learn something about the spiritual world, the world of reality, do *not* turn to Spiritualism; but if you want to learn about Kama Loka, the after-death state of earth-bound personalities, of the materially-minded, then, do not go to séances, but read some Spiritualistic books. For this purpose I can recommend *Gone West*, and *A Subaltern in Spirit Land*, by J. S. M. Ward, 'B.A., F.R.Econ.S., F.R.S.S., late scholar and prizeman of Trinity Hall, Cambridge'. He is, it is said, a trade expert of high standing, and only incidentally an explorer of the 'Unseen World', which he can enter in full consciousness, he claims, from time to time. However that may be, his *Gone West* presents one of the most vivid and realistic pictures of hell, which I have ever read,—by which I mean, of course, a description of that *state of consciousness* commonly called 'hell', but which students of Theosophy, adopting Eastern terminology, would describe as Kama Loka on its lower levels."

Asked one of our visitors: "Can you recommend a book of a similar kind that contains a description of heaven?"

"No such book exists", the Philosopher answered. "How can it? Only the heavenly-minded can appreciate heaven, or can rise to that plane; and souls in that state of consciousness, whether in the body or out of it, cannot communicate with those whose understanding is limited to material conditions. Adepts can function on all planes, but Adepts know better than to depict spiritual states except in symbols and in parables. Read the Bible, read the *Bhagavad Gîta*, for proof of that. Communications through mediums and through psychics, invariably describe conditions which are just as material, even though 'astral', as conditions on earth; and it must be so in view of the fact that people do not suddenly change their natures, or the nature of their interests, merely because physically they die. A recent book, *On the Edge of the Etheric*, by J. Arthur Findlay, which has already reached its thirtieth edition or so in England, and which conservative English newspapers, such as the London *Morning Post*, have reviewed with high praise, gives an admirable exposition of the whole theory and practice of Spiritualism. The honesty, capability, and the sincerity of the author's belief in Spiritualism, are beyond question; further, all his explanations are 'scientific' (with much talk of wave-lengths and so forth), and therefore most appealing to the modern mind. But can any student of Theosophy fail to see the significance of Mr. Findlay's explanation of what he calls the Direct Voice,—fail to see that all the materiality of this world is attributed, *and rightly attributed*, to the *kind* of future life, and the only future life, which he has encountered? Listen to this: 'spirits', he says, who wish to speak at a séance, 'come down to earth and lower their vibrations by gathering round their mouth-organs what is called ectoplasm taken from the medium *and the sitters*'. Incidentally, can you wonder that H.P.B. advised us, though in other words, to keep our ectoplasm to ourselves! Then he explains that there must be co-operation between the 'spirits', as active agents, and the medium and sitters who are passive. So far as those who work 'beyond the veil', are concerned,—

> A group of spirits expert in the handling of organic chemical substances work along with us. Immediately we assemble, they get to work to do their part. The group consists of a director of operations, one or more chemists [please see the point!], one who moves the trumpet in the direction a spirit wishes to speak, one who gathers the substances from the medium and the sitters by connecting them up with the chemist, who draws from them the necessary material. This extends from the medium and the sitters to a central point, and the substance drawn from them is gathered by the chemist into an etheric bowl into which he also adds etheric substances of his own. Another of the group helps spirit newcomers to speak, telling them what to do; others bring spirits into the circle, and Whitefeather [a 'control'], to whom I have already referred, a Red Indian, considers himself the most important of all, as he is detailed off to give warning when a séance is to take place, so that all the operators may be present and at their posts.

"After describing the difficulties to be overcome scientifically before the Direct Voice can be produced, Mr. Findlay says that by a series of questions and

answers, over a period of time, he obtained from the 'spirits' the following further explanation:

> The chemist to whom I have already referred, after mixing the substances he obtains from the medium and sitters with his own ingredients, takes the finished preparation, and with it first materializes his hands, and then forms a rough mask in the likeness of a mouth and throat. This, when finished, is placed in the most suitable part of the room, often in the centre of the circle. The spirit wishing to speak then presses into this mask, slow in vibration, and with it clothes or covers his mouth, throat, and tongue. These organs then take on a thicker or heavier condition, the tongue requires more exertion to move, but with a little practice it all becomes possible. The spirit then, for the time being, has taken on the necessary conditions to make himself once more such as we are, so far as his capacity to form words is concerned. He is again to this extent an inhabitant of matter, slow in vibration, so that when he speaks he produces the same effects on our atmosphere as we do when we speak. He and we are in the same room, within a few feet of each other, he standing speaking to us, and we sitting, answering. He hears us and we hear him.

"Can you imagine anyone who has lost, let us say, his mother, wishing to drag her down into that ectoplasmic mess? The very idea is revolting."

"The whole thing is nonsense", said the Sceptic.

"No", the Philosopher replied; "you are wrong. I wish it were nonsense. The worst of it is the truth it conveys,—the picture of the only way in which 'dead' men can think and act, after a life on earth, not necessarily bad—perhaps, in the ordinary sense, very good—but none the less thoroughly material in interest and purpose,—empty of spiritual aspiration, devoid of Light."

At this point the Student interjected a remark, and a very interesting illustrative story.

"We do not begin to realize, I suspect, how exclusively material most of our interests are; how very few people die who are not 'earth-bound' in one way or another, and how long it must take to shed, as it were, these layers of materiality from our consciousness.

"I have been reading the reminiscences of Mrs. Will Gordon. The book is called *Echoes and Realities*. The author belongs to a distinguished Scotch family, is highly educated, widely known, and knows nearly everybody who is anybody. She has travelled extensively, and is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. 'I have', she writes, 'what we Scots call the "sight", a sixth sense, a faculty of sensing the course of events, a kind of instinctive insight into present realities as well as future possibilities'. This means that her mind is not closed to unusual occurrences. She relates the experience of an American friend, who for some time before her marriage had been a pupil in Vienna of the famous Letchetitsky. On one occasion, when Rubinstein came to Vienna, this American girl was chosen from among Letchetitsky's pupils to play before the Maestro. It was decided that she was to play his '*Valse Allemande*'. While studying it, she found that it slightly resembled the popular Bavarian folk-song, '*O, Du lieber Augustin*'. This amused her, and she worked the well-known tune interestingly into the *Valse*. When the day came, she could not resist the sudden temptation to play it to the composer in this way,—to the intense indignation of Let-

chetitsky. Rubinstein, however, was amused, and smilingly reassured her, saying, 'Ach, you make joke wid my music!'

"Several years after the death of Rubinstein, Mrs. Gordon's friend was entertaining at her country place near Washington, and played for her guests. She played, among other things, the '*Valse Allemande*', and almost unconsciously again worked into it the air of '*O, Du lieber Augustin*'. While playing, she felt as if something touched her, but she ignored it. Then, as she continued, it seemed to her that a firm hand was laid on her shoulder. She stopped playing abruptly, and closed the piano, to the bewilderment of her guests. One of them, however, 'a Miss Herbie, a well-known spiritualist, who had been brought to the house by friends, and who was a perfect stranger to the hostess, came up to the piano. "I can tell you", she said, "who touched you. It was Rubinstein, for I saw him distinctly. He stood by your side, smiling, and he said: 'Ach, you make joke wid my music'." '

"Earth-bound; wedded to his music! not a 'bad' devotion in any sense, but evidently, in his case, instead of a step toward something higher, something eternal,—an end in itself. In other words, to revert to the saying which the Mohammedans attribute to Jesus, quoted by the Engineer, Rubinstein built on his 'bridge', instead of passing over it—and thus, to use language more in line with modern understanding, became 'all gummed up' in his art, tied and bound to its material expression.

"How many so-called Theosophists are similarly bound, I wonder,—by interests, devotions, good in themselves, but which they treat, not as means to divine and lasting ends, but, because good, as ends in themselves."

"Duties, sometimes real, more often imaginary", commented the Engineer, sententiously. "Why will not people realize that even the most important of their duties can be no more than 'an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual' reality, without the recognition of which 'they labour in vain' who perform it. It may seem far-fetched, but they remind me of some of the lesser and more psychic of Roman Catholic saints, whose 'visions' of heaven centre in the Eucharistic ceremonial conducted by St. John, St. Peter and others, arrayed in the most gorgeous and elaborate of ecclesiastical vestments. Rank materialism, in both cases."

"Before we leave the topic of Spiritualism," the Philosopher now said, "I should like, if I may, to mention another of the books I have read recently under that head. It is called, *Open the Door!* and is said to have been 'transcribed' by Edith Ellis. It has an introduction by Claude Bragdon, who praises it to the skies. It is an American contribution to the same subject,—of interest to us because proving once more that the leopard does not change his spots by disincarnating, but a contribution which, if read as a statement of fact, would have to be condemned as iniquitous. The spook, calling himself Wilfred Brandon, whose wisdom is 'transcribed', is an ardent Pacifist (the book is advertized as 'perhaps the most drastic arraignment of modern warfare ever written'). Avowedly in order to terrify and thus obtain recruits for the cause of 'the New Dispensation of Brotherly Love, Fair Play, and World Peace', the 'author'

undertakes to reveal the horrible fate of the millions who died in the World War.

> It isn't over when the White Cross is set up to mark the grave of the young body whose soul has been thrust out in a state of consciousness that makes his life a hell for years on this plane. That fact alone, if widely understood, would make war an impossibility. No parent would doom his or her son to such a fate. The pain, dirt, and misery of his life in war would seem little in comparison to what follows. If only death ended the suffering. The tragedy is that it is only the beginning of it. The mind brings over its strongest impression. One can easily believe that war effaces almost every other impression on the consciousness. Hate, fear, pictures of dead and wounded, memories of the unspeakably horrible sights and sounds, the despair and profound sense of the cruelty of men are what they bring with them.

"Can you conceive of a more abominable and blasphemous misrepresentation? The vicious spook is branding in their graves the very men who died that we might live. No moral factor involved, according to him: a good man or a bad man, a coward or a hero, of any nationality, granting that he dies in battle instead of in an automobile accident or in the atmosphere of a surgical ward (where most people now seem to die),—all, indiscriminately, spend years in hell. And he tries to enforce his claim to knowledge by assuring his readers that he has studied and worked in that other world—in *his* other world—for a hundred and fifty-two years, 'finally, in 1920, taking my degree as Master in the White Brotherhood'. Rama, Rama, and the holy Nâgas, as a real one is said to have sworn!

"Well, I will set my poor vision against 'Wilfred Brandon's' nightmare, and will assert that many a man left his body in battle, in an ecstasy of joy, in a blaze of splendour and of glory,—the reflection of a real Master's radiant blessing.

"Even as propaganda, the book makes the lowest and vilest of appeals. If there were nothing else to condemn the brood of Pacifists, this attempt to terrorize the superstitious, to harrow and horrify those who mourn their dead, and to impute to a soldier the destiny hereafter of a common criminal, ought to be sufficient to show how unscrupulous and inhuman and despicable they are."

"Why don't the Spiritualists themselves realize by this time", asked the Historian, "that there are just as many liars in Kama Loka as there are on earth, just as many devils among their 'spirits' as among incarnated men, just as many braggarts, sensualists, idiots,—and that logically it must be so? Spiritualists admit that some of their mediums are fraudulent, but as soon as they find one who seems to be honest, any sort of communication coming through him is at once attributed to a 'spirit', with the inference that it must be true. They seem to throw common-sense to the winds."

"Well", said the Philosopher, "enough of devils, of spooks and of Spiritualism. Let us turn from earth, *and from astral perversions of earth*, to the world of immortal youth and beauty. You promised" [this addressed to the Recorder] "that more would be said on the subject of the next Lodge Messenger and forerunner. You postponed it from the last issue of the QUARTERLY."

"You are right", the Recorder answered. "It was in the October, 1934, issue that several communications from students were printed, giving replies to these

questions: 'What do you think a Lodge forerunner or Messenger could do, (1) for you; (2) for The Theosophical Society; (3) for the world,—and how?' Letters received since then, show a good deal of misunderstanding, by the way, in regard to the standing and function of a 'forerunner'. Because, in the eighteenth century, Saint-Germain appeared on the scene a number of years before the official and outer Messenger, Mesmer (see H.P.B's. *Glossary*), and because Saint-Germain was a great Adept while Mesmer was nothing of the kind—was merely an agent chosen to do certain limited, specified work—it has been inferred that all forerunners, including the next, must be of Saint-Germain's calibre. The fact is that Saint-Germain not only appeared in advance of the others, but remained on the scene, or behind it, longer than any of them. He was the supervisor, so to speak, of the entire effort of the eighteenth century, in all its ramifications. The next forerunner might conceivably have no other function than to open a few selected minds to the idea of the Lodge and of a Lodge representative,—possibly not working through the Society at all, but among people whose position in life would give the Messenger, when he comes, immediate access to those who, in a worldly sense, control the destinies of nations. Such a forerunner would not necessarily have to be conscious of his mission. On the other hand, it is equally possible that because The Theosophical Society and its nucleus have survived so far into this century—nothing like it, as we know, ever having happened before; and because the cycles have thus been considerably 'telescoped', the functions of forerunner and Messenger will be merged in one individual, perhaps, in the Lodge hierarchy, as great or greater than Saint-Germain himself. A wide-open mind is what my two possibilities are intended to suggest. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

"Another misunderstanding which this correspondence reveals is that because so many believe they would gladly die rather than fail the Movement, and are sincere in their belief, it follows that such devotion is a guarantee of its continuance, and, presumably, of the continuance on earth of its spirit, soul, and purpose. But any old thing can die; dying is as easy as falling off a log; as was said many years ago, 'the difficulty lies in dying at fitting junctures only'. More than that, to carry on the spirit and soul as well as the body of the Society, a sufficient number of its members must have right understanding, right perception, right impersonality; must be able to judge things and people with complete detachment from personal feeling, must be able to act without a shadow of self-seeking. Finally, there must be those who are at least in conscious touch with their own Master, whoever that may be, and, through him, with the Lodge. A belief in Masters, no matter how sincere, is not enough. We must be aware of mountain-tops within us if we would touch the heights where Masters dwell. Very few people are born with a *flair* for these things. Devotion is the best of all beginnings; it will lift us to 'the terrace of enlightenment'—in time, that is to say, in the course of several incarnations,—a prospect which the great St. Theresa, after years of experience with nuns and novices, perhaps overlooked when she declared that not even devotion could produce common-sense, without which, in her opinion, piety might be good enough for heaven, but not for earth.

"One or two of the communications received by the editors, commenting on the letters of reply printed in the October issue, suggested, not discouragement, but an effort to avoid it. Another contained the statement that if the substance of the writer's will and nerve was 'soft'; if, as had been suggested, his sixth sense or inner perception was as yet dormant, he purposed to accept this warning as an incentive for greater effort, and not as a door shut in his face, or in the face of the Society.

"Naturally, reactions differed widely. Here is a letter from a man whose membership goes back to Judge's day, and who is not an officer of the Society. If anyone finds his reaction depressing, I give it up,—while certainly he cannot be counted among the 'soft'.

"Possibly, if the subject should prove of interest to our readers, and they say so, it might be 'continued in our next' " (October, 1934, QUARTERLY).

It is not simply a matter of interest; it is a matter of concern; the advancing age of a large number of members may well cause them to feel, "What of the future"?

The question and answer treatment of the subject of a "new Lodge Messenger" in the October QUARTERLY shows that all believe more than they tell, hope for more than they will ask, have a presentiment of things they may not wish to express, and that all—all seem to fear to appear dogmatic, to venture an unqualified reply, to say something that cannot be proved.

Let us do that. Because the attitude for the future is an unqualified assertion and declaration for impersonality; a definite visualization and choice of alternatives, based on the history and experience of The Theosophical Society.

If we could ask the Lodge the questions which have been put, might they not say something like this?—

"You are disturbed by your apprehensions.

"You know that you are leaving your life behind you; that your 'leaders' must pass on, and that the objective and material means for sustaining the T. S. may be in jeopardy.

"Do not fear—do not worry.

"Place your apprehensions before you and look them square in the face—right there you can see the real Theosophical Society as it was, as it is, as it will be. Think of the unknown numbers who have gone before; of the many you do not know and of those you did know—of the thousands and thousands who are to come.

"Be quiet, be patient.

"Think of the colossal efforts made against almost insurmountable obstacles to found the T. S. and keep it going. Do you imagine that the cost of that effort was incurred without foresight, without anticipation of much more than that which fills you with alarm?

"Learn to endure your cares and your worries by contrasting them with something which makes them look trivial.

"If worldly, even narrow bigoted minds could, by patient research, persistent study and investigation, make some of the, what you call marvellous predictions, long before the events, of the World War, the depression, or what not, can you not be generous enough to credit us with at least an equal, possibly clearer vision of events as you just now begin to see them, or even as they may transpire long after you have gone?

"You know what faith you have, and the quality of that faith.

"Can you believe that the literature, illuminating as never before the ancient mysteries and religions, would have been given out without there being some good prospect of its continuing to be attributed to the right source?

"Do not be intimidated by your apprehensions—be silent.

"If your minds must work, let them cogitate on the fact that we would never sit idly by,

and permit those things which we all cherish in our innermost hearts, to fade and vanish, without lifting a finger.

"The confusion round about you is appalling? Because you can hear, you do hear—and, being unremittingly distracted by the noise of the world, which incessantly rattles on your brains, you seldom have a chance to listen—to listen to some of those things which can only be heard without hearing.

"If you think of us, you can listen to us. You want help, sympathy, consolation, encouragement? You—of all the people of the earth, dare you ask for anything for yourselves?—while we beg you for unswerving patience and steadiness: to help those who, except for you, might not be able to turn to us.

"You have learned a great deal about discipleship. You have studied the lives of disciples. Have you ever considered that the races of the earth are disciples, that the vicissitudes of the inexorable cycles are the trials and training of discipleship for men in the mass, even though they know it not? That a cyclic period of great stress and disturbance is akin to a ceremony of initiation, when *all* are called to choose as they have chosen, to do as they have done, to be what they are and decide with their own decision?

"Be not confused by the siftings, shatterings, fragmentations.

"Some do see, understand and know; those will become and re-become if you only realized how you could sustain them by your unswerving faithful prayers.

"We could answer those prayers a hundred, a thousand times sooner than if you prayed for yourselves.

"Do not be frightened. Do not be swayed by your anxiety.

"You would be lifted and cheered by a sign of the 'Messenger to come'? What of the messengers you have? Are they not correctly posed in their own proper places? Would you expect us to supersede them, set them aside before the very last one has come to the last hour; before the last sand of the cycle, which they sustain, has run out?

"Once more—to the last minute of the eleventh hour, do not fear eventualities, do not flinch.

"That our messengers are still there, is that not a sign?

"The name Theosophy has been covered with opprobrium? What things named for us or by us have not been? If you changed all your names, changed your clothes, washed yourselves from head to foot with carbolic acid and rose water, you would go right out and shake hands with opprobrium.

"Your everlasting faith and confidence—let that be as strong as the fear and hatred of those who transgress our purposes.

"Do not be disconcerted by the furious roar of personality which deafens you to the silent poise of impersonality."

The accumulated tensions of much misapplication and misappropriation are now exhausting themselves. Elemental forces and entities are flying around in heterogeneous confusion, producing the objective effect of chaos—the concerted authority of other days has lost its grip.

The man or generation which acquires a material embodiment of spiritual force by industry, thrift, etc., and in doing that, attributes it to himself only, has tried in vain to cheat the Lodge. "He only robs, but to render".

A new Messenger, what would be his approach, his advance?

To endeavour to arouse men with an appeal to their faith in the abstract, to their piety, their unrelated sense of obligation to some authority? The lights of the age of feudalism are not entirely extinguished yet, but the prevailing characteristics of that period have changed with the exaggerated acquisition of "learning and logic" by men on the levels.

Would he not perhaps try, as a practical expedient, rather than to discredit intellect and learning, or ask for a blind faith or a servile acceptance, to capitalize learning and intelligence, and endeavour to persuade men to assign the powers and functions of the mind and personality to an impersonal reality, and to realize that their salvation must hinge, not on running away from themselves, but rather on consciously marshalling those

very human selves under an avowed and accepted standard of some Master of the Lodge? —which is the only possible way of escape from mean, small, self-centred individualism.

The concerted and desperate efforts being made on all sides to get things back to where they were in the ante-bellum days, are not the obstinate wilfulness of a people bent on going bad, but a mistaken sense of values, a spiritual blindness, a too great faith in minds, machines, test-tubes and file-cards. Do not the prospects for a new Messenger depend on whether he can get a sufficient number of worth-while sincere men to perceive that they have been worshipping false gods? We feel that the initial work and outpourings incident to the development of the T.S. are based on an anticipation of such an eventuality. Nevertheless, an ebbing tide cannot rise until it has run out.

"An admirable letter", the Recorder commented when he had ceased reading: "but no one ever wrote anything which was not open to misinterpretation, and I am wondering if some will say, 'Ha ha, what did we tell you! Look at this: "You are disturbed by your apprehensions. . . . Do not fear—do not worry."' *We* are all right! All that talk about "softness" was pessimistic'.

"How I wish they *were* right, and there were not that fatal 'softness' among us! I have known people before now who quoted scripture to justify their laziness and to pass their responsibility to God. 'Take no thought for the morrow'—which, by the way, translated literally, means 'Do not worry about the morrow'—has been used as an excuse for leaving it to the ravens to feed you. Our members *are* responsible for the future, since they are responsible for the material out of which the Masters can mould the future. What is that material? It is the honest, strenuous, and persistent effort *now* to use all our energies for ends in harmony with the purposes of the Lodge,—especially the effort to replace whatever is 'soft' in ourselves, with the grit and force and steel-like stuff that ought to be there.

"None the less", the Recorder continued, "of one thing I am certain: that all is well provided for, including 'heavenly death'. Masters of Wisdom are not caught napping. They plan for a hundred years ahead, and longer. Always they have several plans in reserve. If possible avenues or instruments fail them, they use others in their place. 'Man is the creator of his own destiny'; so is a nation; so is a civilization. Masters are not omnipotent; they help; they will not, they cannot control. Their ability to help depends upon the genuineness of our desire to be helped, and upon the motive which prompts our desire. In the Golden Age, nations looked to Masters as children used to look to their parents; but as self-will, self-satisfaction, and the gratification of appetites, came to take first place, that ideal relationship ceased, just as family life is ceasing among us. To-day, as we know, the Golden Age is regarded as a myth; nations and individuals alike have forgotten that Masters exist, and would not tolerate them or their ways or their guidance, even if that guidance were offered.

"All that the Lodge can do during these times of darkness, is to divert some of the forces let loose by mankind, into spiritually constructive channels, while periodically forcing upon men's attention (as was done by H.P.B.) reminders that the Ancient Wisdom exists, that true knowledge is obtainable, and that if the blind lead the blind, it is not for lack of those who can see."

"But what do *you* people hope to accomplish?" one of our visitors asked. "To convert the world to Theosophy?"

"Just that and no less", the Philosopher undertook to answer. "But in some millions of years,—yes, in some millions of years. Meanwhile, little people will take little views, timid people, timid views, superstitious people, superstitious views; so it will not matter much what they believe, although I agree that any belief is better than none, so long as it gives people something besides this world to think about. What we are striving for to-day is to find the few, *the very few*, who are not little or timid or superstitious, who are not eaten up with self-love, but who are humble of heart and firm of will, hungry for light, soldiers in spirit, eager to serve the Warriors of God, once they recognize their existence, and who have the intelligence to see that just as service in any army requires training, so, if we would fight in this greater warfare without bringing shame on our cause, and without injury to our fellows, we must work for skill in the use of every earthly weapon, determined to wield it for the glory of those whose service is the joy of life."

"Earthly weapons!" exclaimed one of our visitors, whose interpretation had evidently been literal. "What weapons?"

"Every weapon in sight", the Philosopher answered, smiling. "Personally I have never seen or heard of a faculty, talent, or ability which I am not determined, someday, to possess. I want all the 'fruits of the spirit', as St. Paul lists them; I want sympathy, tact, wisdom, eloquence, the utmost of literary and artistic skill of every kind; I want the spiritual counterpart and synthesis of all my physical senses,—and lots more. I do not mean for one moment to exclude the weapons which our visitor had in mind; their use is extremely useful at times: to be a first class horseman, a crack shot, a skilled mechanician (very necessary in a mechanical age); to be physically strong and nervously inexhaustible, would be of immense value when doing work in the world. No, I am not joking. None the less, all of these things would be pitfalls, intelligence included, unless used from the right centre, with the right motive."

"And that is?"

"Each must answer that for himself", the Philosopher replied. "But I do not mind telling you what I *wish* to be my centre, my motive, now and always: boundless love of my Master, without trace of desire for reward or gain. I am far from it, but someday, with his help, I shall get there. People who do not know a Master, will not understand this; those who do, will. Masters, as one of them wrote, are not desiccated pansies 'between the leaves of a volume of solemn poetry'. They are divinely human, with divinely human hearts, of infinite generosity, incredibly grateful for such love as we are capable of giving them; but, as I have said, they are the Warriors of God, they are Flames, and they do not waste their energies. We must turn ourselves into something resembling realities before Immortals would be justified in spending themselves on us. Yet, even to-day, if we have the courage, we can look up to them and claim our birthright and declare ourselves their sons. Then, if we live as the sons of Immortals should live, they will treat us as their own, and we shall know them, and though darkness be around us, we shall never lose touch with their Light.

T.

REPRINT

A LAND OF MYSTERY

These are the first two of a series of four articles under the same title, written by Madame Blavatsky, and printed in "The Theosophist" (then published in Bombay) in the March, April, June and August issues of 1880. To appreciate them at more than their face value—though that in itself is great—it should be understood that H.P.B. was preparing the way for the facts and figures which were not given out until the publication of "The Secret Doctrine" in 1888. She had to break, or in any case soften, the "moulds of mind" of her readers, especially of those who had received a scientific education, and whose preconceptions, therefore, were utterly foreign to those glimpses of the Truth which the Lodge had decided to reveal to the world through her. Even in 1880, many natives of India had been educated, either in Europe, or in Indian colleges where the curriculum was European and materialistic. Agnosticism, and contempt for their ancient religions and philosophies, were the fashionable pose of the younger generation of Indians. So it was not only for the benefit of her European and American readers that H.P.B. wrote; she was perhaps especially anxious to wean these young Indians from their folly, and, by such articles as these, to prepare their minds for the consideration, later, of their own Puranas, which, when interpreted in the light of occult knowledge, show that civilizations, in some ways far more advanced than ours, existed in all parts of the world for some millions of years before the beginning of our so-called historical period. Identifying herself with the people of her day, appealing to their interests (amusingly in one respect, as she makes a great point of "buried treasure"), she intimates clearly that more remained to be said, and that those whom she represented were in possession of the key to the mystery, the very existence of which the world had failed to recognize.—THE EDITORS.

I

WHETHER one surveys the imposing ruins of Memphis or Palmyra; stands at the foot of the great pyramid of Ghizé; wanders along the shores of the Nile; or ponders amid the desolate fastnesses of the long-lost and mysterious Petra; however clouded and misty the origin of these prehistoric relics may appear, one nevertheless finds at least certain fragments of firm ground upon which to build conjecture. Thick as may be the curtain

behind which the history of these antiquities is hidden, still there are rents here and there through which one may catch glimpses of light. We are acquainted with the descendants of the builders, and, however superficially, we also know the story of the nations whose vestiges are scattered around us. Not so with the antiquities of the New World of the two Americas. There, all along the coast of Peru, all over the Isthmus and North America, in the canyons of the Cordilleras, in the impassable gorges of the Andes, and, especially beyond the valley of Mexico, lie, ruined and desolate, hundreds of once mighty cities, lost to the memory of men, and having themselves lost even a name. Buried in dense forests, entombed in inaccessible valleys, sometimes sixty feet underground, from the day of their discovery until now they have ever remained a riddle to science, baffling all inquiry, and they have been muter than the Egyptian Sphinx herself. We know nothing of America prior to the Conquest—positively nothing. No chronicles, not even comparatively modern ones survive; there are no traditions, even among the aboriginal tribes, as to its past events. We are as ignorant of the races that built these cyclopean structures, as of the strange worship that inspired the antediluvian sculptors who carved upon hundreds of miles of walls, of monuments, monoliths and altars, these weird hieroglyphics, these groups of animals and men, pictures of an unknown life and lost arts—scenes so fantastic and wild, at times, that they involuntarily suggest the idea of a feverish dream, whose phantasmagoria at the wave of some mighty magician's hand suddenly crystallized into granite, to bewilder the coming generations for ever and ever. So late as the beginning of the present century, the very existence of such a wealth of antiquities was unknown. The petty, suspicious jealousy of the Spaniards had, from the first, created a sort of Chinese wall between their American possessions and the too curious traveller: and the ignorance and fanaticism of the conquerors, and their carelessness as to all but the satisfaction of their insatiable greediness, had precluded scientific research. Even the enthusiastic accounts of Cortez and his army of brigands and priests, and of Pizarro and his robbers and monks, as to the splendour of the temples, palaces, and cities of Mexico and Peru, were long discredited. In his *History of America*, Dr. Robertson goes so far as to inform his reader that the houses of the ancient Mexicans were "mere huts, built with turf, or mud, or the branches of trees, like those of the rudest Indians";[1] and, upon the testimony of some Spaniards, he even risked the assertion that "in all the extent of that vast empire", there was not "a single monument or vestige of any building more ancient than the Conquest"! It was reserved to the great Alexander Humboldt to vindicate the truth. In 1803 a new flood of light was poured into the world of archaeology by this eminent and learned traveller. In this he luckily proved but the pioneer of future discoverers. He then described but Mitla, or the Vale of the Dead, Xochicalco, and the great pyramidal Temple of Cholula. But, after him came Stephens, Catherwood, and Squier; and, in Peru, D'Orbigny and Dr. Tschuddi. Since then numerous travellers have visited and given us accurate details of many of the antiquities. But, how many more yet remain not only unexplored, but even

[1] See Stephens' *Central America*.

unknown, no one can tell. As regards prehistoric buildings, both Peru and Mexico are rivals of Egypt. Equalling the latter in the immensity of her cyclopean structures, Peru surpasses her in their number; while Cholula exceeds the grand pyramid of Cheops in breadth, if not in height. Works of public utility, such as walls, fortifications, terraces, water-courses, aqueducts, bridges, temples, burial-grounds, whole cities, and exquisitely paved roads, hundreds of miles in length, stretch in an unbroken line, almost covering the land as with a net. On the coast, they are built of sun-dried bricks; in the mountains, of porphyritic lime, granite, and silicated sandstone. Of the long generations of peoples who built them, history knows nothing, and even tradition is silent. As a matter of course, most of these lithic remains are covered with a dense vegetation. Whole forests have grown out of the broken hearts of the cities, and, with a few exceptions, everything is in ruin. But one may judge of what once was by that which yet remains.

With a most flippant unconcern, the Spanish historians refer nearly every ruin to Inca times. No greater mistake can be made. The hieroglyphics which sometimes cover from top to bottom whole walls and monoliths are, as they were from the first, a dead letter to modern science. But they were equally a dead letter to the Incas, though the history of the latter can be traced to the eleventh century. They had no clue to the meaning of these inscriptions, but attributed all such to their *unknown* predecessors; thus barring the presumption of their own descent from the first civilizers of their country. Briefly, the Inca history runs thus:—

Inca is the Quichua title for chief or emperor, and the name of the ruling and most aristocratic race or rather *caste* of the land which was governed by them for an *unknown* period, prior to, and until, the Spanish Conquest. Some place their first appearance in Peru from regions *unknown* in 1021; others, also on conjecture, at five centuries after the Biblical "flood", according to the modest notions of Christian theology. Still, the latter theory is undoubtedly nearer truth than the former. The Incas, judged by their exclusive privileges, power, and "infallibility," are the antipodal counterpart of the Brahminical caste of India. Like the latter, the Incas claimed direct descent from the Deity, which, as in the case of the Sûryavansa dynasty of India, was the Sun. According to the sole but general tradition, there was a time when the whole of the population of the now New World was broken up into independent, warring, and barbarian tribes. At last, the "Highest" deity—the Sun—took pity upon them, and, in order to rescue the people from ignorance, sent down upon earth, to teach them, his two children, Manco Capac, and his sister and wife, Mama Ocollo Huaco—the counterparts, again, of the Egyptian Osiris, and his sister and wife, Isis, as well as of the several Hindu gods and demi-gods and their wives. These two made their appearance on a beautiful island in Lake Titicaca—of which we will speak further on—and thence proceeded northward to Cuzco, later on the capital of the Incas, where they at once began to disseminate civilization. Collecting together the various races from all parts of Peru, the divine couple then divided their labour. Manco Capac taught men agriculture, legislation, architecture,

and arts; while Mama Ocollo instructed the women in weaving, spinning, embroidery, and housekeeping. It is from this celestial pair that the Incas claimed their descent; and yet, they were utterly ignorant of the people who built the stupendous and now ruined cities which cover the whole area of their empire, and which then extended from the Equator to over 37 degrees of Latitude, and included not only the western slope of the Andes, but the whole mountain chain with its eastern declivities to the Amazon and Orinoco. As the direct descendants of the Sun, they were exclusively the high priests of the state religion, and at the same time emperors and the highest statesmen in the land: in virtue of which, they, again like the Brahmins, arrogated to themselves a divine superiority over ordinary mortals, thus founding, like the "twice-born", an exclusive and aristocratic caste—the Inca race. Considered as the son of the Sun, every reigning Inca was the high priest, the oracle, chief captain in war, and absolute sovereign; thus realizing the double office of Pope and King, and long anticipating the dream of the Roman Pontiffs. To his command the blindest obedience was exacted; his person was sacred; and he was the object of divine honours. The highest officers of the land *could not appear shod in his presence:* this mark of respect pointing again to an Oriental origin; while the custom of boring the ears of the youths of royal blood, and inserting in them golden rings "which were increased in size as they advanced in rank, until the distention of the cartilage became a positive deformity", suggests a strange resemblance between the sculptured portraits of many of them that we find in the more modern ruins, and the images of Buddha and of some Hindu deities, not to mention our contemporary dandies of Siam, Burmah, and Southern India. In that, once more as in India, in the palmy days of the Brahmin power, no one had the right either to receive an education or study religion except the young men of the privileged Inca caste. And, when the reigning Inca died, or as it was termed, "was called home to the mansion of his father", a very large number of his attendants and his wives were made to die with him, during the ceremony of his obsequies, just as we find in the old annals of Rajesthán, and down to the but just abolished custom of Sutti. Taking all this into consideration, the archaeologist cannot remain satisfied with the brief remark of certain historians that "in this tradition we trace only another version of the story of the civilization common to all primitive nations, and that imposture of a celestial relationship whereby designing rulers and cunning priests have sought to secure their ascendency among men". No more is it an explanation to say that "Manco Capac is the almost exact counterpart of the Chinese Fohi, the Hindu Buddha, the terrestrial Osiris of Egypt, the Quetzalcoatl of Mexico, and Votan of Central America"; for all this is but too evident. What we want to learn is how came these nations, so antipodal to each other as India, Egypt, and America, to offer such extraordinary points of resemblance, not only in their general religious, political, and social views, but sometimes in the minutest details. The much-needed task is to find out which one of them preceded the other; to explain how these people came to plant at the four corners of the earth nearly identical architecture and arts, unless there was a time when, as asserted by Plato and believed in by more than one

modern archaeologist, no ships were needed for such a transit, as the two worlds formed but one continent.

According to the most recent researches, there are five distinct styles of architecture in the Andes alone, of which the temple of the Sun at Cuzco was the latest. And this one, perhaps, is the only structure of importance which, according to modern travellers, can be safely attributed to the Incas, whose imperial glories are believed to have been the last gleam of a civilization dating back for untold ages. Dr. E. R. Heath, of Kansas (U.S.A.), thinks that "long before Manco Capac, the Andes had been the dwelling-place of races, whose beginnings must have been coëval with the savages of Western Europe. The gigantic architecture points to the cyclopean family, the founders of the Temple of Babel, and the Egyptian pyramids. The Grecian scroll found in many places is borrowed (?) from the Egyptians; the mode of burial and embalming their dead points to Egypt." Further on, this learned traveller finds that the skulls taken from the burial-grounds, according to craniologists, represent three distinct races: the Chinchas, who occupied the western part of Peru from the Andes to the Pacific; the Aymaras, dwellers on the elevated plains of Peru and Bolivia, on the southern shore of Lake Titicaca; and the Huancas, who "occupied the plateau between the chains of the Andes, north of Lake Titicaca to the 9th degree of South Latitude." To confound the buildings of the epoch of the Incas in Peru, and of Montezuma and his Caciques, in Mexico, with the aboriginal monuments, is fatal to archaeology. While Cholula, Uxmal, Quiché, Pachacamac, and Chichen were all perfectly preserved and occupied at the time of the invasion of the Spanish *banditti*, there are hundreds of ruined cities and works which were in the same state of ruin even then; whose origin was unknown to the conquered Incas and Caciques as it is to us; and which are undoubtedly the remains of unknown and now extinct peoples. The strange shapes of the heads, and profiles of the human figures upon the monoliths of Copán are a warrant for the correctness of the hypothesis. The pronounced difference between the skulls of these races, and the Indo-European skulls, was at first attributed to mechanical means, used by the mothers for giving a peculiar conformation to the heads of their children during infancy, as is often done by other tribes and peoples. But, as the same author tells us, the finding in "a mummy of a foetus of seven or eight months having the same conformation of skull, has placed a doubt as to the certainty of this fact". And besides hypothesis, we have a scientific and unimpeachable proof of a civilization that must have existed in Peru ages ago. Were we to give the number of thousands of years that have probably elapsed since then, without first showing good reasons for the assumption, the reader might feel like holding his breath. So let us try.

The Peruvian *guano* (*huano*), that precious fertilizer, composed of the excrement of seafowls, intermixed with their decaying bodies, eggs, remains of seal, and so on, which has accumulated upon the isles of the Pacific and the coast of South America, and its formation, are now well known. It was Humboldt who first discovered and drew the world's attention to it in 1804. And, while describing the deposits as covering the granite rocks of the Chincas and other islands to the

depth of 50 or 60 feet, he states *that the accumulation of the preceding 300 years, since the Conquest, had formed only a few lines in thickness*. How many thousands of years, then, it required to form this deposit 60 feet deep, is a matter of simple calculation. In this connection we may now quote something of a discovery spoken of in the "Peruvian Antiquities":[2] "Buried 62 feet under the ground, on the Chinca islands, stone-idols and water-pots were found, while 35 and 33 feet below the surface were wooden idols. *Beneath the guano* on the Guanapi islands, just south of Truxillo, and Macabi just north, *mummies, birds, and birds' eggs, gold and silver ornaments were taken.* On the Macabi the labourers found some large valuable golden vases, which they broke up and divided among themselves, even though offered weight for weight in gold coin, and thus relics of great interest to the scientist have been forever lost. He who can determine the centuries necessary to deposit thirty and sixty feet of *guano* on these islands, remembering that since the Conquest, three hundred years ago, no appreciable increase in depth has been noted—can give you an idea of the antiquity of these relics."

If we confine ourselves to a strictly arithmetical calculation, then, allowing 12 lines to an inch, and 12 inches to a foot, and allowing one line to every century, we are forced to believe that the people who made these precious gold vases lived 864,000 years ago! Leave an ample margin for errors, and give two lines to a century—say an inch to every 100 years—and we shall yet have 72,000 years ago a civilization which—if we judge by its public works, the durability of its constructions, and the grandeur of its buildings,—equalled, and in some things certainly surpassed, our own.

Having well defined ideas as to the periodicity of cycles, for the world as well as for nations, empires, and tribes, we are convinced that our present modern civilization is but the latest dawn of that which already has been seen an innumerable number of times upon this planet. It may not be exact science, but it is both inductive and deductive logic, based upon theories far less hypothetical and more palpable than many another theory, held as strictly scientific. To express it in the words of Professor T. E. Nipher, of St. Louis, "we are not the friends of theory, but of truth", and until truth is found, we welcome every new theory, however unpopular at first, for fear of rejecting in our ignorance the stone which may in time become the very corner-stone of the truth. "The errors of scientific men are well nigh countless, not because they are men of science, but because they are *men*", says the same scientist; and further quotes the noble words of Faraday—"occasionally, and even frequently, the exercise of the judgment ought to end in *absolute reservation*. It may be very distasteful and a great fatigue to suspend a conclusion, but as we are not infallible, so we ought to be cautious" (*Experimental Researches*, 24th Series).

It is doubtful whether, with the exception of a few of the most prominent ruins, there ever was attempted a detailed account of the so-called American antiquities. Yet, in order to bring out the more prominently a point of comparison, such a work would be absolutely necessary. If the history of religion and of

[2] A paper published by Mr. E. R. Heath in the *Kansas City Review of Science and Industry*, November, 1878.

mythology and—far more important—the origin, development and final grouping of the human species, are ever to be unravelled, we have to trust to archaeological research, rather than to the hypothetical deductions of philology. We must begin by massing together the concrete imagery of the early thought, more eloquent in its stationary form than the verbal expression of the same, the latter being but too liable, in its manifold interpretations, to be distorted in a thousand ways. This would afford us an easier and more trustworthy clue. Archaeological Societies ought to have a whole cyclopaedia of the world's remains, with a collation of the most important of the speculations as to each locality. For, however fantastic and wild some of these hypotheses may seem at first glance, yet each has a chance of proving useful at some time. It is often more beneficial to know what a thing *is not* than to know what *it is*, as Max Müller truly tells us.

It is not within the limits of an article in our paper that any such object could be achieved. Availing ourselves, though, of the reports of the Government surveyors, trustworthy travellers, men of science, and even our own limited experience, we shall try in future issues to give to our Hindu readers, who possibly may never have heard of these antiquities, a general idea of them. Our latest information is drawn from every reliable source; the survey of the Peruvian antiquities being mostly due to Dr. Heath's able paper, above mentioned.

II.

Evidently we, Theosophists, are not the only iconoclasts in this world of mutual deception and hypocrisy. We are not the only ones who believe in cycles and, opposing the Biblical chronology, lean towards those opinions which secretly are shared by so many, but publicly avowed by so few. We, Europeans, are just emerging from the very bottom of a new cycle, and progressing upwards, while the Asiatics—Hindus especially—are the lingering remnants of the nations which filled the world in the previous and now departed cycles. Whether the Aryans sprang from the archaic Americans, or the latter from the prehistorical Aryans, is a question which no living man can decide. But that there must have been an intimate connection at some time between the old Aryans, the prehistoric inhabitants of America—whatever might have been their name—and the ancient Egyptians, is a matter more easily proved than contradicted. And probably, if there ever was such a connection, it must have taken place at a time when the Atlantic did not yet divide the two hemispheres as it does now.

In his *Peruvian Antiquities* (see *The Theosophist* for March) Dr. Heath, of Kansas City—*rara avis* among scientific men, a fearless searcher, who accepts truth wherever he finds it, and is not afraid to speak it out in the very face of dogmatic opposition—sums up his impressions of the Peruvian relics in the following words:—"Three times the Andes sank hundreds of feet beneath the ocean level, and again were slowly brought to their present height. A man's life would be too short to count even the centuries consumed in this operation. The coast of Peru has risen eighty feet since it felt the tread of Pizarro. Supposing the Andes to have risen uniformly and without interruption, 70,000 years must have elapsed before they reached their present altitude."

"Who knows, then, but that Jules Verne's fanciful idea[1] regarding the lost continent, Atlanta, may be near the truth? Who can say that, where now is the Atlantic Ocean, there did not formerly exist a continent, with its dense population, advanced in the arts and sciences, who, as they found their land sinking beneath the waters, retired part east and part west, populating thus the two hemispheres? This would explain the similarity of their archaeological structures and races, and their differences, modified by and adapted to the character of their respective climates and countries. Thus would the llama and the camel differ, although of the same species; thus the algoraba and espino trees; thus the Iroquois Indians of North America and the most ancient Arabs call the constellation of the 'Great Bear' by the same name; thus various nations, cut off from all intercourse or knowledge of each other, divide the zodiac into twelve constellations, apply to them the same names, and the Northern Hindus apply the name Andes to their Himalayan mountains, as did the South Americans to their principal chain.[2] Must we fall in the old rut, and suppose no other means of populating the Western Hemisphere except 'by way of Behring's Strait'? Must we still locate a geographical Eden in the East, and suppose a land, equally adapted to man and as old geologically, must wait the aimless wanderings of the 'lost tribes of Israel' to become populated?"

Go where we may to explore the antiquities of America—whether of Northern, Central, or Southern America—we are first of all impressed with the magnitude of these relics of ages and races unknown, and then with the extraordinary similarity they present to the mounds and ancient structures of old India, of Egypt, and even of some parts of Europe. Whoever has seen one of these mounds, has seen all. Whoever has stood before the cyclopean structures of one continent, can have a pretty accurate idea of those of the other. Only be it said —we know still less of the age of the antiquities of America than even of those in the Valley of the Nile, of which we know next to nothing. But their symbolism —apart from their outward form—is evidently the same as in Egypt, India, and elsewhere. As before the great pyramid of Cheops in Cairo, so before the great mound, 100 feet high, on the plain of Cahokia—near St. Louis (Missouri)—which measures 700 feet long by 800 feet broad at the base, and covers upwards of eight acres of ground, having 20,000,000 cubic feet of contents, and the mound on the banks of Brush Creek, Ohio, so accurately described by Squier and Davis, one knows not whether to admire more the geometrical precision, prescribed by the wonderful and mysterious builders in the form of their monuments, or the hidden symbolism they evidently sought to express. The Ohio mound represents a serpent, upwards of 1,000 feet long. Gracefully coiled in capricious curves, it terminates in a triple coil at the tail. "The embankment constituting the effigy, is upwards of five feet in height, by thirty feet base at the centre of the body, slightly

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[1] This "idea" is plainly expressed and asserted as a fact by Plato in his *Banquet;* and was taken up by Lord Bacon in his *New Atlantis.*

[2] "The name *America*", said I, in *Isis Unveiled* (Vol. 2, p. 591), three years ago, "may one day be found closely related to *Meru*, the sacred mount in the centre of the *seven* continents". When first discovered, America was found to bear among some native tribes the name of *Atlanta*. In the States of Central America we find the name *Amerih*, signifying, like Meru, a great mountain. The origin of the *Kamas* Indians of America is also unknown.

diminishing towards the tail."[3] The neck is stretched out and its mouth wide opened, holding within its jaws an oval figure. "Formed by an embankment four feet in height, this oval is perfectly regular in outline, its transverse and conjugate diameters being 160 and 8 feet respectively", say the surveyors. The whole represents the universal cosmological idea of the serpent and the egg. This is easy to surmise. But *how came* this great symbol of the Hermetic wisdom of old Egypt to find itself represented in North America? How is it that the sacred buildings found in Ohio and elsewhere, these squares, circles, octagons, and other geometrical figures, in which one recognizes so easily the prevailing idea of the Pythagorean sacred numerals, seem copied from the *Book of Numbers?* Apart from the complete silence as to their origin, even among the Indian tribes, who have otherwise preserved their own traditions in every case, the antiquity of these ruins is proved by the existence of the largest and most ancient forests growing on the buried cities. The prudent archaeologists of America have generously assigned them 2,000 years. But by whom built, and whether their authors migrated, or disappeared beneath victorious arms, or were swept out of existence by some direful epidemic, or a universal famine, are questions, "probably beyond the power of human investigation to answer", they say. The earliest inhabitants of Mexico, of whom history has any knowledge—more hypothetical than proven—are the Toltecs. These are *supposed* to have come from the North and *believed* to have entered Anahuac in the 7th century A.D. They are also credited with having constructed in Central America, where they spread in the eleventh century, some of the great cities whose ruins still exist. In this case it is they who must also have carved the hieroglyphics that cover some of the relics. How is it, then, that the pictorial system of writing of Mexico, which was used by the conquered people and learned by the conquerors and their missionaries, does not yet furnish the keys to the hieroglyphics of Palenque and Copán, not to mention those of Peru? And these civilized Toltecs themselves, who were they, and whence did they come? And who are the Aztecs that succeeded them? Even among the hieroglyphical systems of Mexico, there were some which the foreign interpreters were precluded from the possibility of studying. These were the so-called schemes of judicial astrology "given but not explained in Lord Kingsborough's published collection", and set down as purely figurative and symbolical, "intended only for the use of the priests and diviners and possessed of an esoteric significance." Many of the hieroglyphics on the monoliths of Palenque and Copán are of the same character. The "priests and diviners" were all killed off by the Catholic fanatics,—the secret died with them.

Nearly all the mounds in North America are terraced and ascended by large graded ways, sometimes square, often hexagonal, octagonal or truncated, but in all respects similar to the *teocallis* of Mexico, and to the *topes* of India. As the latter are attributed throughout this country to the work of the five Pandus of the Lunar Race, so the cyclopean monuments and monoliths on the shores of Lake Titicaca, in the republic of Bolivia, are ascribed to giants, the five exiled brothers "from beyond the mounts". They worshipped the *moon as their*

[3] Smithsonian contributions to *Knowledge*, Vol. I.

progenitor and lived before the time of the "Sons and Virgins of the *Sun*". Here, the similarity of the Aryan with the South American tradition is again but too obvious, and the Solar and Lunar races—Sûrya Vansa and the Chandra Vansa—reappear in America.

This Lake Titicaca, which occupies the centre of one of the most remarkable terrestrial basins on the whole globe, is "160 miles long and from 50 to 80 broad, and discharges through the valley of El Desagvadero, to the south-east into another lake, called Lake Aullagas, which is probably kept at a lower level by evaporation or filtration, since it has no known outlet. The surface of the lake is 12,846 feet above the sea, and it is the most elevated body of waters of similar size in the world." As the level of its waters has very much decreased in the historical period, it is believed on good grounds that they once surrounded the elevated spot on which are found the remarkable ruins of Tiahuanaco.

The latter are without any doubt aboriginal monuments pertaining to an epoch which preceded the Inca period, as far back as the Dravidian and other aboriginal peoples preceded the Aryans in India. Although the traditions of the Incas maintain that the great lawgiver and teacher of the Peruvians, Manco Capac—the Manu of South America—diffused his knowledge and influence from this centre, yet the statement is unsupported by facts. If the original seat of the Aymara, or "Inca race" was there, as claimed by some, how is it that neither the Incas, nor the Aymaras, who dwell on the shores of the Lake to this day, nor yet the ancient Peruvians, had the slightest knowledge concerning their history? Beyond a vague tradition which tells us of "giants" having built these immense structures in one night, we do not find the faintest clue. And we have every reason to doubt whether the Incas are of the Aymara race at all. The Incas claim their descent from Manco Capac, the son of the Sun, and the Aymaras claim this legislator as their instructor and the founder of the era of their civilization. Yet, neither the Incas of the Spanish period could prove the one, nor the Aymaras the other. The language of the latter is quite distinct from the *Inichua*—the tongue of the Incas; and they were the only race that refused to give up their language when conquered by the descendants of the Sun, as Dr. Heath tells us.

The ruins afford every evidence of the highest antiquity. Some are built on a Pyramidal plan, as most of the American mounds are, and cover several acres; while the monolithic doorways, pillars, and stone-idols, so elaborately carved, are "sculptured *in a style wholly different* from any other remains of art yet found in America". D'Orbigny speaks of the ruins in the most enthusiastic manner. "These monuments", he says, "consist of a mound raised nearly 100 feet, surrounded with pillars—of temples from 600 to 1,200 feet in length, opening precisely towards the east, and adorned with colossal angular columns—of porticoes of a single stone, covered with reliefs of skilful execution, displaying symbolical representations of the Sun, and the condor, his messenger—of basaltic statues loaded with bas-reliefs, in which the design of the carved head is half Egyptian—and lastly, of the interior of a palace formed of enormous blocks of rock, completely hewn, whose dimensions are often 21 feet in length, 12 in

breadth, and 6 in thickness. In the temples and palaces, the portals are not inclined, as among those of the Incas, but perpendicular; and their vast dimensions, and the imposing masses of which they are composed, surpass in beauty and grandeur all that were afterwards built by the sovereigns of Cuzco." Like the rest of his fellow-explorers, M. D'Orbigny believes these ruins to have been the work of a race far anterior to the Incas.

Two distinct styles of architecture are found in these relics of Lake Titicaca. Those of the Island of Coati, for instance, bear every feature in common with the ruins of Tiahuanaco; so do the vast blocks of stone elaborately sculptured, some of which, according to the report of the surveyors, in 1846, measure: "3 feet in length by 18 feet in width, and 6 feet in thickness"; while on some of the islands of the Lake Titicaca there are monuments of great extent, "but of true Peruvian type, believed to be the remains of temples destroyed by the Spaniards". The famous sanctuary, with the human figure in it, belongs to the former. Its doorway 10 feet high, 13 feet broad, with an opening 6 feet 4 inches, by 3 feet 2 inches, is cut from a single stone. "Its east front has a cornice, in the centre of which is a human figure of strange form, *crowned with rays*, interspersed with serpents with crested heads. On each side of this figure are three rows of square compartments, filled with human and other figures, of apparently symbolic design. . . ." Were this temple in India, it would undoubtedly be attributed to Shiva; but it is at the antipodes, where neither the foot of a Shaiva nor one of the Naga tribe has ever penetrated to the knowledge of man, though the Mexican Indians have their Nagal, or chief sorcerer and serpent worshipper. The ruins standing on an eminence, which, from the water-marks around it, seems to have been formerly an island in Lake Titicaca, and "the level of the Lake now being 135 feet lower, and its shores, 12 miles distant, this fact, in conjunction with others, warrants the belief that these remains antedate any others known in America."[4] Hence, all these relics are unanimously ascribed to the same "unknown and mysterious people who preceded the Peruvians, as the Tulhuatecas or Toltecs did the Aztecs. It seems to have been the seat of the highest and most ancient civilization of South America and of a people who have left the most gigantic monuments of their power and skill." . . . And these monuments are all either *Dracontias*—Temples sacred to the Snake—or temples dedicated to the Sun.

Of this same character are the ruined pyramids of Teotihuacan and the monoliths of Palenque and Copán. The former are some eight leagues from the city of Mexico on the plain of Otumla, and considered among the most ancient in the land. The two principal ones are dedicated to the Sun and Moon, respectively. They are built of cut stone, square, with four stories and a level area at the top. The larger, that of the Sun, is 221 feet high, 680 feet square at the base, and covers an area of 11 acres, nearly equal to that of the great pyramid of Cheops. And yet, the pyramid of Cholula, higher than that of Teotihuacan by ten feet according to Humboldt, and having 1,400 feet square at the base, covers an area of 45 acres!

[4] *New American Cyclopaedia*, Art. Teotihuacan.

It is interesting to hear what the earliest writers—the historians who saw them during the first conquest—say even of some of the most modern of these buildings, of the great temple of Mexico, among others. It consisted of an immense square area "surrounded by a wall of stone and lime, eight feet thick, with battlements, ornamented with many stone figures *in the form of serpents*", says one. Cortez shows that 500 houses might be easily placed within its enclosure. It was paved with polished stones, so smooth, that "the horses of the Spaniards could not move over them without slipping", writes Bernal Diaz. In connection with this, we must remember that it was not the Spaniards who conquered the Mexicans, but their *horses*. As there never was a horse seen before by this people in America, until the Europeans landed it on the coast, the natives, though excessively brave, "were so awestruck at the sight of horses and the roar of the artillery", that they took the Spaniards to be of divine origin and sent them human beings as sacrifices. This superstitious panic is sufficient to account for the fact that a handful of men could so easily conquer incalculable thousands of warriors.

According to Gomara, the four walls of the enclosure of the temple corresponded with the cardinal points. In the centre of this gigantic area arose the great temple, an immense pyramidal structure of eight stages, faced with stone, 300 feet square at the base and 120 feet in height, truncated, with a level summit, upon which were situated two towers, the shrines of the divinities to whom it was consecrated—Tezcatlipoca and Huitzlipochtili. It was here that the sacrifices were performed, and *the eternal fire maintained*. Clavigero tells us that besides this great pyramid, there were forty other similar structures consecrated to various divinities. The one called *Tezcacalli* was "the House of the Shining Mirrors, sacred to *Tezcatlipoca*, the God of Light, the Soul of the World, the Vivifier, the Spiritual Sun". The dwellings of priests, who, according to Zarate, amounted to 8,000, were near by, as well as the seminaries and the schools. Ponds and fountains, groves and gardens, in which flowers and sweet smelling herbs were cultivated for use in certain sacred rites and the decoration of altars, were in abundance; and, so large was the inner yard, that "8,000 or 10,000 persons had sufficient room to dance in it upon their solemn festivities"—says Solis. Torquemada estimates the number of such temples in the Mexican empire at 40,000 but Clavigero, speaking of the majestic Teocalli (literally, houses of God) of Mexico, estimates the number higher.

So wonderful are the features of resemblance between the ancient shrines of the Old and the New World that Humboldt remains unequal to express his surprise. "What striking analogies exist between the monuments of the old continents and those of the Toltecs who . . . built these colossal structures, truncated pyramids, divided by layers, like the temple of Belus at Babylon! Where did they take the model of these edifices?"—he exclaims.

The eminent naturalist might also have inquired where the Mexicans got all their *Christian* virtues from, being but poor pagans. The code of the Aztecs, says Prescott, "evinces a profound respect for the great principles of morality, and as clear a perception of these principles as is to be found in the most cultivated nations". Some of these are very curious inasmuch as they show such a

similarity to some of the Gospel ethics, "He who looks too curiously on a woman, commits adultery with his eyes", says one of them. "Keep peace with all; bear injuries with humility; God, who sees, will avenge you", declares another. Recognizing but one Supreme Power in Nature, they addressed it as the deity "by whom we live, Omnipresent, that knoweth all thoughts and giveth all gifts, without whom man is as nothing; invisible, incorporeal, one of perfect perfection and purity, under whose wings we find repose and a sure defence." And, in naming their children, says Lord Kingsborough, "they used a ceremony strongly resembling the Christian rite of baptism, the lips and bosom of the infant being sprinkled with water, and the Lord implored to *wash away the sin* that was given to it before the foundation of the world, *so that the child might be born anew.*" "Their laws were perfect; justice, contentment and peace reigned in the kingdom of these benighted heathen," when the brigands and the Jesuits of Cortez landed at Tabasco. A century of murders, robbery, and forced conversion, was sufficient to transform this quiet, inoffensive and wise people into what they are now. They have fully benefited by dogmatic Christianity; and he who has ever been to Mexico, knows what that means. The country is full of blood-thirsty Christian fanatics, thieves, rogues, drunkards, debauchees, murderers, and the greatest liars the world has ever produced! Peace and glory to your ashes, O Cortez and Torquemada! In this case at least, you will never be permitted to boast of the enlightenment *your* Christianity has poured out on the poor, and once virtuous heathen!

Through the Arches of Time fly the Swallows of Time,—in threes, in fours, then in threes again, making the seven and the sacred ten.

Thus nations pass, and races; continents rise and fall; the Days dawn and fade, the Nights return.

Time, the mighty Illusion, raised these Arches; and, while Time exists, through them fly the Swallows of Time, in threes, in fours, then in threes again.

Eternity holds them; verily, Eternity holds them all.—The Book of Birds.

REVIEWS

The Lost Empires of the Itzaes and Mayas, by Theodore A. Willard; The Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California, 1933; price, $6.00.

The Conquest of the Maya, by J. Leslie Mitchell; Dutton, New York, 1935; price, $3.75.

The Ancient Mayas: Adventures in the Jungles of Yucatan, by Robert B. Stacy-Judd; Haskell-Travers, Inc., Los Angeles, California, 1934; price, $3.50.

Mr. Theodore Willard is well known to students of the civilization of the Mayas. In his book, *The City of the Sacred Well*, he wrote of the excavations and discoveries made by Edward Thompson at Chichen Itza. His new book gives an excellent résumé of what is known of the history of Yucatan before the Spanish Conquest, and of the Conquest itself. There are imaginative descriptions of Maya ceremonies and festivals which draw a picture of the life of that day, and there is a "personally conducted" tour of the monuments of Chichen Itza, Uxmal, and other ruined cities of the peninsula. Mr. Willard writes with enthusiasm and sympathy for his subject, and he does not dogmatize. In his concluding chapter on *Facts, Theories and Conjectures*, he discusses the various theories as to the origin of the Maya, Atlantean or Mongolian. He touches mildly upon the vexed question of whether the animals with long, curling snouts so frequently represented on the monuments are elephants, macaws or tapirs. He calls attention to the Oriental turbans of the personages on the Copán altar. He presents the speculations as to the downfall and disappearance of the race, and concludes by saying, "The mystery lies not in the disappearance of its ancient peoples nor in the diminished population of the peninsula. Rather, the unfathomable problem concerns their origin. Someday, perhaps, some deeply-buried record will yield the secret, and this story without a beginning may be completed."

Mr. J. Leslie Mitchell's book is written for more serious readers. It brings together a prodigious quantity of data from all the sources, from history, from the scientists, ethnologists and archæologists, and from the monuments themselves. He has, however, little of the open-mindedness and modesty of Mr. Willard. He has made up his mind as to what happened, and, of course, fits facts into his theory.

Modern scientists nearly all agree that man was not indigenous in the Americas. Most of them think he came over the Aleutian Islands from Asia. There are some who will allow a migration from Europe by way of Greenland, and another

migration to the Pacific coast from Polynesia. Others, more rare and more liberal, concede the existence of an Atlantean continent, and the possibility of an Atlantean origin for some of the peoples. Mr. Mitchell has no use for Lemuria or Atlantis. Also, he has a violent aversion to the idea that civilizations sprang up simultaneously in all parts of the world, or that the nature of man leads him to express himself in much the same way wherever he is. He says:

> Modern evidences, as we have seen, demonstrate that the belief that cultures developed independently at different points on the surface of the globe "through the similarity of the innate disposition of the human mind" is a belief without objective foundation, a theory not evolved from facts, but superimposed upon them. Civilization, culture, did not arise independently at various points all over the earth: there was no slow upward climb from primitive to savage, savage to barbarian, barbarian to civilized man, in the ordering beloved of the older school of historians. Civilization rose from the midst of primitive freedom, with comparative suddenness, revolutionizing human life and spreading abroad the planet much as the technique of the Solutrian blade, from one accidental point in the Old World. That accidental point was Ancient Egypt. . . . Chance and long centuries of observation forced Agriculture upon the Ancient Egyptian. . . . Agriculture gave birth to theology, the arts, and a multitude of handicrafts within the limited period of a few hundred years in the Nile basin—this at no remote period in human history, but probably between the years 5000 B.C. and 4000 B.C.

Mr. Mitchell is as dogmatic as the late Bishop Usher, who, you will remember, placed the creation of the world at B.C. 4004. This sudden development, according to our present author, was due to the fact that barley and millet grew wild in the Nile valley. It is his theory that men, observing the fertilizing effects of the Nile floods, developed an irrigating system and deified the "First Irrigator", and that this culture was carried gradually around the earth, even to the Americas. Mr. Mitchell does not think that this was accomplished all at once, but that successive waves of immigrants followed each other, bringing with them their cultures. He traces some Egyptian symbology in early Mayan monuments, for he believes that all religions came from the fertility cult of Osiris, and that this cult was developed by the Hindus into their highly complex systems. He finds decided Hindu influences throughout the Maya and Mexican area. For him, the snouts on the animal masks are the elephant trunk of the God Ganesha; the Earth Monster is the Indian Makara, and the God in the jaws of the monster is Indra in the coils of the serpent or Vishnu borne up by Sesha. He lays stress upon the many obvious similarities between the Maya sculptures and those of Angkor-Wat in Cambodia. Students of *The Secret Doctrine* will remember the tradition that Arjuna went to Patala, or the antipodes, and there married the daughter of the King of the Nagas. However, we should be inclined to ask: is the God upon the Serpent Altar the Hindu Indra himself, or is he the Adept, the Dragon of Wisdom, so called in all the great religions?

According to *The Secret Doctrine*, the history of civilized man is immensely older than the archæologists are willing to admit. Man did not painfully discover for himself the sciences of astronomy, mathematics, architecture and agriculture through long millenniums of experiment. Neither did he suddenly invent them in the course of a few hundred years. At the beginning of his

emergence into the human kingdom he was ruled over by divine Kings who taught him these things. The "Stanzas of Dzyan" say: "Then the Builders, having donned their first Clothing, descend on radiant Earth and reign over Men—who are themselves." Madame Blavatsky comments on this, and her comments are so interesting that we cannot resist quoting them at some length.

> The "Watchers" reign over men during the whole period of Satya Yuga and the smaller subsequent Yugas, down to the beginning of the Third Root Race; after which it is the Patriarchs, Heroes, and the Manes, as in the Egyptian Dynasties enumerated by the priests to Solon, the incarnated Dhyanis of a lower order, up to King Menes and the human kings of other nations. All were carefully recorded. In the views of symbologists this Mythopœic Age is of course regarded only as a fairy tale. But since traditions and even chronicles of such Dynasties of *Divine* Kings, of Gods reigning over men, followed by Dynasties of Heroes or Giants, exist in the annals of every nation, it is difficult to understand how all the peoples under the sun, some of whom are separated by vast oceans and belong to different hemispheres, such as the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans, as well as the Chaldeans, could have worked out the same "fairy tales" in the same order of events. However, as the Secret Doctrine teaches *history*—which, although esoteric and traditional, is, none the less, more reliable than profane history—we are entitled to our beliefs as much as any one else, whether religionist or sceptic. And that Doctrine says that the Dhyani-Buddhas of the two higher Groups, namely, the Watchers or the Architects, furnished the many and various races with divine kings and leaders. It is the latter who taught humanity their arts and sciences, and the former who revealed to the incarnated Monads that had just shaken off their Vehicles of the lower Kingdoms, and who had, therefore, lost every recollection of their divine origin, the great spiritual truths of the transcendental Worlds (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, I, 287).

The great weakness of modern archæologists is that they see only the exterior, —layers of lava, old bones, or a few dated stones. They have, practically without exception, no understanding of the inner meaning of symbols throughout the world. Most of the investigators of the Maya are unable to interpret the significance of a work like the *Popul Vuh*. What does it mean when it says that when the ancestors of the tribes, after long wanderings, came into the land, they found giants there? The fact is that the origins of the civilizations of America are lost in darkness, as most of the archæologists admit, but they will not accept the combined mass of tradition of all the races. As Madame Blavatsky says: "It is the ignorance of our men of science, who will accept neither the tradition that several Continents have already sunk, nor the periodical law which acts throughout the Manvantaric Cycle—it is this ignorance that is the chief cause of all the confusion." *The Secret Doctrine* declares that physical man developed on this earth 18,000,000 years ago. The remains of his antediluvian cultures are hidden under the oceans, for the most part. We are told of "the Lemurians in their sixth sub-race building their first rock-cities out of lava and stone. . . . The oldest remains of Cyclopean buildings were all the handiwork of the last sub-races of the Lemurians: and an Occultist, therefore, shows no surprise on learning that the stone relics which are found on the small piece of land called Easter Island . . . are 'very much like the walls of the Temple of Pachacamac or the Ruins of Tia-Huanaco in Peru', and also that they are in the *Cyclopean* style". The reviewer is well aware that the ruins of Easter Island and Peru are

now declared by the scientists to have been constructed in the Christian era, but their theories, when carefully examined and compared, seem as fantastic to us as ours do to them, and far less logical and satisfactory.

Who were the Mound Builders? Where were the Seven Cities of Cibola? From whence came the Ancestors of the Chimus? For example, it is significant to a student of *The Secret Doctrine* that the Maya calendar should start arbitrarily on a certain day, 4 Ahau, 8 Cumhu, or September fourth, 3113 B.C., according to one system of reading the calendar. He will immediately recall that the present cycle of Kali Yuga started with the death of Krishna about 5000 years ago.

Mr. Stacey-Judd is a firm believer in the existence of Atlantis, and he thinks that Mayan culture was derived essentially from Atlantean sources. His book, *The Ancient Mayas*, is primarily an account of his own travels in Yucatan. He is an architect and has an appreciation of the æsthetic qualities of Maya art. One frequently wonders why Mr. Mitchell bothers to write about people he dislikes so much. Indeed, he rather wonders why himself. Mr. Stacy-Judd, on the contrary, is full of admiration and sympathy which enable him to transmit his enthusiasm to his readers. He succeeds in giving a living impression of the splendours of the cities of Yucatan, where a much better writer, Mr. Mitchell, fails and is decidedly vulgar. Mr. Stacy-Judd's amiability evidently communicated itself to those with whom he came in contact. His adventures in the vast caves of Loltun, from which he was rescued by a centenarian Maya hermit, will particularly delight the reader.

All three of these books are well illustrated with excellent photographs and maps. The subject is one which must always be fascinating to those who are interested in the civilizations of the past. St.C. LaD.

Prince Saionji, by Tosabuno Taketoshi, Member of the House of Peers; Ritsumeikan University, Kyoto, Japan; price, 5 yen.

This life of Prince Saionji, written by one of his political disciples, gives a vivid insight into the history of Japan in the nineteenth century. The first part of the book tells of those days when the terrifying boom of Perry's guns was heard. The largest temple bell of the country was brought down to the shore. Its sound would make the enemy's blood curdle! We read a discussion on training archers to confront the Western barbarians, and barely a few pages further on, we find Japan a power engaged in world politics.

Prince Saionji is the last remaining Genro, that is, Elder Statesman, a special adviser to the Emperor, appointed by Imperial rescript after his retirement as Prime Minister. He is the head of a family founded in the tenth century by the marriage of an Emperor's daughter with a Minister of State. As a child, Saionji was precocious and independent of spirit. At six, already given the responsibilities of chamberlain, he began the traditional studies of the Chinese Classics and the arts of war. In 1868, when the war of the Restoration began, he was only nineteen. The forces upon which the Emperor could count were very uncertain. Because of his genuine loyalty and buoyant enthusiasm, Saionji

was put at the head of a force of clansmen. "Dressed in green armour, with the head-dress appropriate to his rank", preceded by a banner of red cloth with the sun and moon emblazoned upon it, in two short campaigns he defeated the opposing forces of the Shogunate in the district of Echigo. His successes, his frankness and his intelligence won him the favour of the Court, then surrounded by intriguing officials and rough clansmen. After the country was pacified, he was offered the post of Governor of the Provinces; but his mind was made up: at a time when all were scrambling for positions, he preferred to ask for release from military duty and for permission to go to France to study. Discarding his mediæval armour and his two swords for a suit of foreign clothes, he left for Paris, the Paris of the Commune. Fourteen years ago, he returned to Paris to sign the Versailles Treaty.

He found the clear Gallic spirit in harmony with his own. There is a bond between the Japanese and the French which grows out of a similar appreciation of the spiritual values of life. The French think, the Japanese feel; there lies the difference. Saionji studied law, and also spent much time enjoying the Bohemian life of the period in the literary circles where his charm made him many friends. He collaborated with Gautier's daughter, Madame Mendès, in the production of a play at the Odéon. He stayed ten years, and was thirty-three when he returned to Japan, armed with some knowledge of law and of life.

He suffered many bitter disappointments when, eager to act and serve, he found himself blocked again and again, on one side by politicians, on the other by traditions and by the will of an Emperor whom he desired to obey in spirit and in letter. A bold attempt at the editing of a liberal newspaper was suppressed by Imperial order. After this, his political career began, first as senator, then as Minister to Vienna and Berlin. Twice he was appointed Minister of Education, and twice Prime Minister. His political career was uneventful. His importance lies in his profound wisdom and integrity. The Emperor, and political friends and enemies alike, turned for advice to one so steeped in Chinese wisdom and French culture. For instance, we may read in the newspaper that the Prime Minister of the Empire is taking the train to Okitsu, there to be told whether or not he should resign, and who should be appointed Minister of Education.

One feels throughout the book the attraction of Prince Saionji's forceful personality, free, frank, humorous, enthusiastic, poised and detached, yet capable of very determined action. He does not spurn entertainments, and with his literary friends frequents the tea houses. He enjoys music and poetry, and is himself able to write verse. It is in some small unpretentious house that he prefers to live, and it is there that his friends come to find him when he is needed for some important mission. In spite of his horror of ostentation, he knows how to give banquets where he tactfully brings together politicians and men of letters at a time when considerations of rank and station make such a thing highly difficult. The Prince, now eighty-four, lives in his villa at Okitsu, by the sea, surrounded by terraced orange groves. There one can imagine him finding in

Nature and in his Chinese Classics that poise on which his impartial judgment and clear thinking are founded.

Prince Saionji served his country by contributing faith in liberty and tolerance, while preserving intact the traditional belief in the ancient wisdom and the observance of complete loyalty to the Emperor. The attitude of his countrymen toward him is an example which Occidentals, for the most part, will be too vain either to notice or to follow,—and recognition of the hierarchical principle presupposes at least the semblance of humility, while democracy damns humility, and Nazi-ism double-damns it. Similarly, respect for the experience of age is antagonistic to the "Ascendency of Youth" and to the "Experiment-at-other-people's-expense" systems, both of which are based upon contempt for what the past should teach us. So long as the Japanese, whatever their faults, show their superiority in these respects, they will have that much practical advantage over us,—and will deserve it. N.R.

The Age of the Gods, A Study in the Origins of Culture in Prehistoric Europe and the Ancient East, by Christopher Dawson; Sheed and Ward, New York, 1933; price, $3.00.

This is not a new book, but a re-issue of one first published by John Murray, London, in 1928, in a much more expensive form. Until now, therefore, it has been less available to the general public than the book itself merits. It is the first of a series of several volumes (some still in the making) which may be summed up as a History of Culture, and is an attempt to show that culture springs from and rests upon man's spiritual attitude toward life. "What is a culture?", we read. "A culture is a common way of life—a particular adjustment of man to his natural surroundings and his economic needs. In its use and modification it resembles the development of a biological species,"—it is, in fact, an embryonic expression of group life. "But man is not merely plastic under the influence of his material environment. He moulds it, as well as being moulded by it. . . . It is true that three of the main influences which form and modify human culture are the same as in the case of the formation of an animal species"—race, environment, function and occupation. "But in addition to these there is a fourth element: thought, which is peculiar to the human species, and the existence of which frees man from the blind dependence on material environment which characterizes the lower forms of life. It is this factor which renders possible the acquisition of a growing capital of social tradition, so that the gains of one generation can be transmitted to the next, and the discoveries or new ideas of an individual can become the common property of the whole society." We see in this statement a suggestion of the theosophical law of correspondences, for may it not be said that this is one of the laws of spiritual life on all planes, beginning in the Lodge itself? The property of one is the property of all and, as *Light on the Path* admonishes: "Accumulate wealth for that united spirit of life which is your only true self."

"We cannot understand the present", comments Mr. Dawson, "without a

knowledge of the past, or the past without the whole." To this the student of Theosophy would heartily agree—since life is one—for he knows that we cannot separate a single historical event, no matter how insignificant it may appear, from the great body of history or even of tradition, without, to a greater or lesser degree, falsifying the whole. Contrary to the opinion of ethnologists and anthropologists, Mr. Dawson does not believe that mankind should be classified by races; he believes that the true classification is that of cultures and, as already stated, he believes that all cultures have their origin in religion. "At present, perhaps, the dominant fashion is to look to the racial factor as the *deus ex machina* of the human drama. Yet race is itself but the product of the process of interaction that we have mentioned. . . . Every religion embodies an attitude to life and a conception of reality, and any change in these brings with it a change in the whole character of the culture, as we see in the case of the transformation of ancient civilization by Christianity, or the transformation of the society of Pagan Arabia by Islam. . . . Thus the great stages of world-culture are linked with changes in man's vision of Reality."

The book covers a very wide field, starting with the Glacial Age and the so-called beginnings of human life in Europe; through the later palæolithic culture, the dawn of the neolithic age, and on through the development of the Sumerian civilization, with the rise of the Sacred City. There is the archaic culture of Egypt and the growth of the Great State, and by well-graded steps we are taken through Crete and the Ægean, the Nordic culture, the Age of Empire in the near East, finally ending with Italy and the beginning of the Iron Age in Europe.

It is true that Mr. Dawson appears to recognize (within certain limits), the law of cycles; that evolution is not a smooth, undisturbed, undeviating up-grade movement: "The history of the earth is not a simple, uniform development. It has proceeded by a series of vast cyclic revolutions, true world ages, . . . the whole process of terrestrial change is indeed governed by a kind of rhythmic movement." And he adds: "Behind the world that we know there lies a whole series of other worlds, each with its own continents and seas, and its own types of animal and vegetable life." This last statement, which we find early in the book, leads the reader—if a student of Theosophy—to hope that there will also be definite recognition of a past so old that it is beyond all reckoning, with our inheritance of resulting cultural and civilizing influences which we ascribe to what may relatively be called the present; recognition, too, that the cyclic life of man and of nature, its rise and fall which admittedly works forward from a given point in the known evolutionary pageant, may also be thought of as having been in operation vast ages before that arbitrary point. For no civilization can be justly gauged or valued without taking previous civilizations on this globe into account, and humanity is far older than this book would give us to believe. Therefore, deeply interesting as it is, the student of Theosophy will be conscious of a lack throughout—not an unusual experience in books of to-day on this and kindred subjects: a lack of recognition that all cultures, all civilizations of which we have historical or even legendary knowledge are but a return

—with certain modifications—over the steep cyclic pathway of civilizations long anterior to history as we know it; for we are to-day treading that path which, under similar yet at the same time differing circumstances, humanity trod æons and æons ago. In short, we wish Mr. Dawson were familiar with the philosophy of Theosophy, for it would greatly deepen and enhance the wide and brilliant sweep of his cultural knowledge and insight. T.D.

The History of Buddhist Thought, by Edward J. Thomas; Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1933; price, $5.00.

As Dr. Thomas writes in his Preface: "A history of Buddhism in the sense of a connected account of the chief events of all the Buddhist communities throughout the centuries, is an ideal not yet attainable." To a student of Theosophy it seems impossible that such a history could ever be written without a clear recognition of the esoteric basis of many of the "chief events". Dr. Thomas assumes without argument that the developments of the original teaching of the Buddha could not have been foreseen by the Master himself; that in a certain sense they consisted of a series of deformations of the primitive nucleus of thought from which Buddhism received its first impulse. This is partly true, of course. The official Buddhist churches, like their Christian counterparts, are productions of fallible human nature. They are and always have been counterfeits of the true Order of Disciples which the great Indian Master laboured to establish; and on occasion they have become monstrous perversions. But the secret clue to the real power of Buddhism is to be sought, not in the exoteric church, but in the esoteric Order.

According to an Eastern tradition, for instance, the Mahayana doctrine was reserved for the Disciples before it was incorporated in the public teaching. If this be true, the Mahayana has a significance very different from that attributed to it by those who describe it as a belated addition to Buddhism, the work of a few speculative metaphysicians. It is as truly part of the Buddha's message as any of the sermons preserved in the Pali texts. Moreover, the Mahayana scriptures stress a mystical fact which is confirmed by Theosophy but which the Western mind, with its inherited materialistic tendencies, finds it particularly hard to grasp. According to the Mahayana, the Buddha is a living Master; he did not enter final Nirvana when his physical body died. No amount of "higher criticism" can ever solve the mysteries of Buddhism or of Christianity, unless these two postulates are accepted at least tentatively:—that at the head of every world-religion there is a living Master, and that he continues to work in the world through Disciples or groups of Disciples who may be wholly independent of any official church bearing his name.

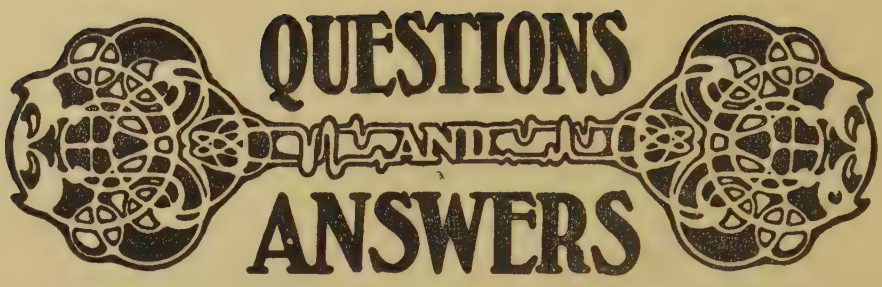
In our opinion, Dr. Thomas has written a very fragmentary and one-sided history; but his book has real value, in so far as it illustrates a deepening understanding of certain fundamental Buddhist doctrines by Orientalists. The following passage would have been regarded as "heretical" by Rhys Davids and his generation.

It was unfortunate that Buddhism was once expounded by scholars who took a pleasure in describing it as agnostic atheism, and who even spoke of "the antinomy of an entity or soul". . . . Buddhism agrees with the other world-religions in recognizing an ultimate eternal reality, but it nowhere describes this reality in positive language. . . . The doctrine of rebirth made the non-atman theory a very different thing from what to a Western mind is implied by a denial of the soul. . . . Ajita's doctrine of annihilation at death was denied throughout the whole history of Buddhism. The individual being had existed before, and he would exist again. He was only a bundle of changing skandhas, changing from moment to moment, and from life to life, and it was only Nirvana which could bring about their final dissolution. His personal identity remained the same to such an extent that he could come to remember his former existences. . . . The question of the dissolution of personality only becomes urgent when it is asked what takes place with the cessation of rebirth. Naturally no one can give an answer to that except the one who has reached that state. . . . The disputes and assertions and misunderstandings that have taken place on this very point have given it an unnecessary prominence. There is less need now for many words, for the literature is becoming accessible which makes obsolete much that was written before the texts were understood or even known (pp. 257-260). S.L.

Queen Alexandra, by Sir George Arthur; Chapman and Hall, London; price, 8*s*. 6*d*.

Students of Theosophy should be students of history, able to compare epochs in the lives of different nations as an aid to an understanding of themselves, of human nature in general, and of cyclic law. The Victorian era—treated with contempt by most modern writers because they resent its obvious superiority to the present—was one of the greatest in world history. "There were giants in those days", not only in England and in many other European countries, but in America too. In Germany, for instance, while one detests Bismarck and Hitler about equally, it must be obvious to everyone that, of the two men, Bismarck was incomparably the bigger. Similarly in England, the statesmen of to-day are pygmies in comparison with those of Queen Victoria's reign. As to America,—but that is too painful.

This book brings to mind names great in history from about 1860 onwards. It is interesting, and may serve to stimulate a desire to learn more about the many events and persons mentioned. The attitude of the author toward Queen Alexandra (Princess of Wales for so many more years than Queen) is very friendly, as it is to King Edward. He is not a muckraker, and annoys only because he cannot resist trying to show his superiority somehow—a habit which made his biography of Kitchener primarily an exhibition of his own vanity. It is impossible for him, in this book, to mention Queen Victoria without sneering at her, or to refrain from intimating more than once that Queen Alexandra was totally uneducated (in comparison, of course, with himself),—a defect which he patronizingly condones as if patting her on the head with a "Never mind, little girl; you are very pretty, so I forgive you". Apart from this element, the book is worth reading. T.



QUESTION NO. 394.—*We are told that self is the great enemy which we must ceaselessly struggle to conquer; is one then never to resent insults which are directed against the self?*

ANSWER.—It is a question, for one thing, of the motive back of the insult. Why did that person insult us? Was it deliberate, in order to arrest our attention, to wake us up? Or was it merely the venting of irritation and ill-nature? Or did some real question of feeling and principle lie back of the remark? An insult may imply deliberate intent of some kind. That intent may show an habitual wrong attitude of mind towards us which has expressed itself, or it may reveal qualities of lower nature, in the person who has insulted us, over which he has lost control. Possibly that person has recognized in us, unerringly, his own greatest fault or weakness, and, annoyed by it, has given way to his feeling. If the insult includes others, as well as ourselves, we may properly feel resentment—for those others—and say so. If we feel resentment for ourselves alone, it is safe to assume that the resentment comes from our own lower nature, and that there is an element of truth in the insult; we should do well to examine it, and apply to ourselves the result of that examination. The nature of our response must depend upon who it is that has insulted us, and upon the circumstances. Some people may have no right, under any conditions, to speak to us in such a way. If they do so, it may be our duty to put them in their place, positively, but not in anger. We should remember that what has been said to us may represent a need, or a lack, in the person who has spoken, and we should keep aware of this, and act in accordance with it. C.R.A.

ANSWER.—How are we ever to become able to conquer the great enemy—self—if we allow ourselves to be swayed by what concerns it, whether in terms of praise, or of condemnation, or insult? We must free ourselves from the bonds of the personality. One of the first steps in that direction is the surrender of all idea of personal rights. *Light on the Path* points out that impersonality must be understood; that "no man is your enemy: no man is your friend. All alike are your teachers." Real or fancied "insults" to the personality, therefore, should be regarded as lessons to be learned. Insults, or untrue statements about others, or about a Cause which we hold in reverence, are quite a different matter; these should never be allowed to pass without, at least, a protest. G.H.M.

ANSWER.—We should never "resent" anything directed against ourselves. Why, merely because someone else has said something, should we take into our own hearts and minds so corrosive a thing as resentment, which, when harboured, is utterly destructive of all peace, happiness, and spiritual growth? "Small injuries shall go as they come, a great injury may dine or sup with me; but none at all shall lodge with me." If the "insults" hamper our work, or reflect on others or on what we represent, it may be necessary to take whatever action is required to have them stopped, and, perhaps, to have reparation made. This, however, should be done quite impersonally, certainly without any personal resentment. It is far more effective. The way to meet an insult is with dignity, and true dignity is always impersonal. A great deal of what people tell themselves is resentment of an insult, is in reality their own

vanity lashing back at a hurt to itself. When one has done something that subjects him to merited criticism, rebuke or rebuff, his lower nature is certain to create a smoke-screen of resentment, in order to divert his attention and keep him from realizing that he ought to be ashamed of himself,—a realization that vanity finds very painful. J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—What is an "insult"? Is it not an "insult" only if we ourselves allow it to appear so? For although a person may be guilty of what we know quite well to be an unbrotherly action toward us, or an almost insufferable remark offered us, the results are entirely in our own hands; everything depends upon our attitude and response. The force locked up in the intended offence in reality reacts upon the one who has been responsible for it, as a boomerang returns upon its course. Therefore the perpetrator is also the victim (we shall have learned much if we realize this), and he is in need of our sympathy, not our "resentment". When we ourselves are guilty of unbrotherliness toward another, charity and not anger is what we most hope for. The truly great of heart are not even *conscious* of "insults" purposely directed against themselves (history is full of examples), although, until sincere and deep repentance is manifest, they never forgive or forget an insult offered to their Master, to their Cause or to their friends. That is all that need concern us. T.A.

ANSWER.—One way of viewing self is to see *it* as an insult. As a product of our self-will, we defied divine law in creating it; its very existence is an affront to the Lords of Compassion. The trouble is, that, having misapplied divine force in creating it, we have grown to identify ourselves with it instead of with the real, permanent, or Higher Self. Once we get our identification properly placed, so that we realize we are not this false self, and know it for what it is, we shall have no problem about its being insulted; any more than we have, now, about a cat being insulted because someone calls attention to its feline nature, or about a rat because someone speaks of its rodent ways. In the case of self, when we have disentangled ourselves sufficiently from its snares and delusions, as we must eventually, and have associated ourselves with the Higher Self, we shall realize that it is impossible to insult that which, in itself, is an insult. Until then, we shall have to grin and bear *supposed* insults as best we can.

G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—It all depends upon your point of view. If you are trying to force your way through a mob, or are slipping backward down a bank, you recognize that the friend who presses you from behind is doing you a service. If you wish to stand still, the push becomes an outrage. To "insult" means, literally, to "jump on". We do not mind others jumping on what we ourselves are trampling beneath our feet. But we are likely to object, or at least to make inquiry, when the jump lands on our own toes. The question thus becomes one of right self-identification. It would be hard to find an act which did not mingle good and evil, which did not reveal the struggle, of which our whole life is compact, between the mean and the noble, between the self and the greater than self: with which do we identify ourselves? The two are at war, and in our sane moments we know that we cannot remain neutral or continue friends with both. We must choose one and be at enmity with the other. Then we must try to keep remembering which is which, and not mix them up as soon as anyone else also takes sides,—which is what usually happens when we resent criticism or rebuke, as insult. There is, however, another aspect of the question which we should not ignore. To resent another's act, is to make oneself negative to him, subservient to him, surrendering to him the initiative and the control we should keep of our own feelings and moods. In resenting, in "feeling against" another (*re* against, and *sentire* to feel), we are not ourselves acting, but are merely *re-acting*, moving as he pulls the strings. If we remember this, the very pride, or vanity, which prompts us to feel resentment, will move us to put it away. Resentment is always weak. We should find within ourselves, not in others, the motives for our acts.

M.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 27th, 1935, beginning at 10: 30 a. m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are requested to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members, with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meetings. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10: 30 a. m. and 2: 30 p. m.

6. On Sunday, April 28th, at 4: 30 p. m., tea will be served at 64 Washington Mews, to delegates, members, and their friends.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society,
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.

February 15th, 1935.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between Eighth Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock. There are meetings on,—

April 6th and 20th, May 4th.

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT,

P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

Devotional: Bhagavad Gita; Crest Jewel of Wisdom; Fragments; The Great Upanishads; Letters That Have Helped Me; Letters to Friends; Light on the Path; The Parables of the Kingdom; The Song of Life; Through the Gates of Gold; Voice of the Silence.

Philosophical: Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine; Isis Unveiled; Key to Theosophy; Plotinus; Reincarnation; The Secret Doctrine; Talks on Religion; Theosophical Glossary; Transactions; Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.

Introductory: Culture of Concentration; Echoes from the Orient; Esoteric Buddhism; Idyll of the White Lotus; Meditation; The Occult World; The Ocean of Theosophy; The Theosophical Society and Theosophy.

The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

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Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

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